BLUE GRAY

1916

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

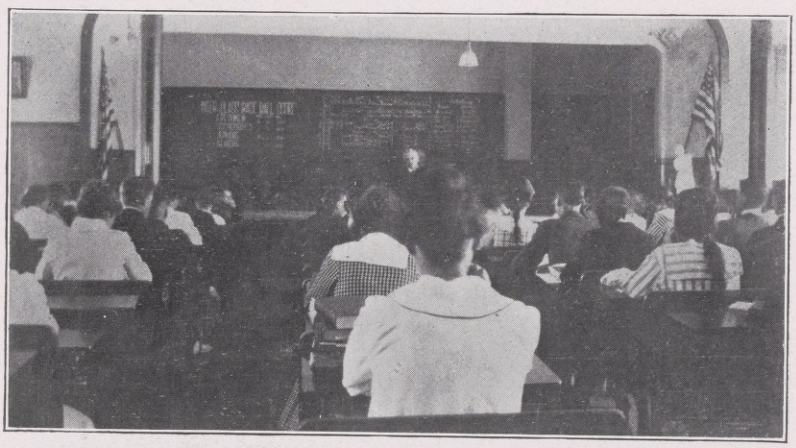
The Senior Class
of the
Mountain View Union High School
respectfully dedicates this issue of the
"Blue and Gray"
to its class teacher,
Miss Gertrude C. Peckham

Blue and Grey

Class of 1916

Mountain View, California

June 22, 1916



The Assembly Hall

The Faculty

MISS GERTRUDE PECKHAM
MR. C. E. ROGERS
MISS F. WOLFENBARGER

E. L. ZAHN PRIN.
MR D. W. LINDSAY

MISS LOIS X. PEERS
MISS SHIRLEY WARD
MR C. T. G. SMITH

A Few Parting Words

HAZEL FRIIS, '18

Farewell Seniors .....
We are loath to see you go,
But the aspiring Juniors
Must have your place, you know.
Of course they'll take the honors
Of being best in school;
And they will be the first, too,
To break the strictest rule.

Oh, they will be just like you
With many pranks and woes,
We will accustomed be to them
Before the year half goes.
But each and all of you Seniors
Have different ways and wiles,
They'll never be replaced though
We all have varied styles.

Here's to you departing Seniors,
May good luck come with each mile,
As you sail life's sea of trouble
May you gain Dame Fortune's smile,
"May your joys be as deep as the ocean
Your sorrows as light as its foam,"
May your thoughts turn back to M. V. High
No matter where you roam.

Graduates

DAVID BOOHER
KATHERINE MOCKEL
LOUISA LEWIS

ANNIE CENTER
RUTH THOMPSON
HENRY TOMPKINS

HUGH L ROSS
TERESA SKINNER
MARGUERITE HYLAND

MILDRED HOLMES
NATALIE COUCH
HENRY RAINES

HAROLD G. MOORE
VERA BARNES
FLORENCE REGLI

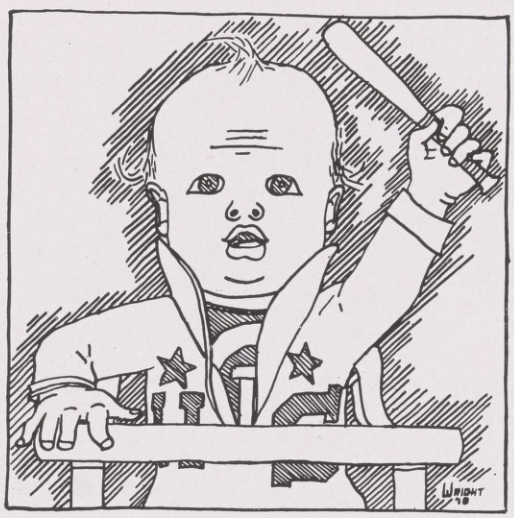
ESTHER LAWLER
EDITH OLIVER
DONALD B. McKEAN

CLINTON PARKER
VIOLA ZAHN
ELSIE BAKER

BONNIE BARKWAY
HELEN TOMPKINS
ELLSWORTH TRULSEN

EARNEST RANKIN. WHO HAS BEEN AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE FOUR YEARS PRECEEDING THIS YEAR GRADUATES WITH THIS YEARS CLASS.

Literary



The Slugger

LOUIE BRISEBAT '18

"THE door bell is ringing; go and clean up," commanded Mrs. Christie.

"I wonder who in the world it can be? An agent, I suppose," growled Mr. Christie to himself.

He opened the door. There stood a husky, attractive young man.

"Well, I'll be hanged! Hello, Bob, old top! How's everything? I haven't seen you since I left the college. Come in."

"Hello, Chris," beamed Bob Turner. "How is the—ah, there he is now." Bob Turner pointed his finger toward the door.

They looked; there crawled a chubby babe.

"He's the very image of you, Chris."

"Ah, he's a corker all right."

"Why, where the deuce did he get that sweater with all those monograms on it? They look familiar."

"Well, there's a story connected with those monograms. If you like, I'll tell it to you."

"Fire away," grinned Bob.

"Well, to college, at the beginning of a new semester, came a pretty little Freshman girl. She was the pluckiest little girl I've ever seen. Her name was Elsie Jones. I met her at a dance one night and in less than six months Miss Jones and I were like glue. I proposed to her and was told to follow the conventional course and ask her father; this I did."

"'I've been looking forward to this meeting,' said Mr. Jones, proffering a box of Havanas and leading the way into the library. 'We will sit in here so you and I can smoke. As I was saying, you're one of the elect now. You know you were the only Freshman to make the team, and besides, you were a pitcher, weren't you?'

"'Yes,' I said desperately. 'They had to pick some one.'

"'Well, we're kind of off the subject.' Then I stood pigeon-toed, turned red, and stammered. He looked amused for a moment, then cordially extended his hand and congratulated me.

"We planned that our wedding should take place about six weeks before vacation, so we could have our honeymoon undisturbed. Everything was arranged for the wedding, which was to be held at her father's house. The night soon arrived, and everybody in Stanford knew of our approaching nuptials. I got ready and started to walk to Elsie's home, which was on a street lined on either side with large date palms. It was dark among these palms, and I hadn't walked far when a large blanket was thrown over my head. That delayed the wedding for me. As a matter of history, it did not take place until the summer vacation.

"That news soon reached Miss Jones. There was more confusion in that house that night than ever before. Miss Jones almost cried her eyes out, while her mother tried to calm her. The girls soon learning that it was the loving baseball team that had committed the deed of affection, planned to get even."

"About half past eight the next morning, one of the working men employed in the lumber yard, found me with a pillow slip bound over my head.

"He promptly set me free, stating that some of my fellow students had done the trick playfully, not meaning harm. The amazing story was soon known all over the school, and the fellows kidded the life out of me.

"On the forenoon before the day of the big game between Stanford and California, the boys practiced with all the energy in them. They were determined to win the game, and depended a great deal upon me.

"The next morning I was invited to go motoring with my fiancee and some other girls, into the country for a bit of air before the big game. I won't go into the details of the first of the drive. But, take it from me, I had *some time* until about eleven o'clock. Then said I, 'It's time that we were turning back.'

"'Just a second,' interrupted a co-ed excitedly, 'what's that?'

"The engine spat viciously and then lapsed into a sulky silence.

"'Stuck!' exclaimed one of the girls.

"'I saw a farm house a little way back. I'll go and telephone for help,' put in one of the girls.

"'I'll go, too,' I offered.

"They protested at first, but finally consented. This was the conversation heard over the phone.

"'Hello, is this Mr. Lloy? Well, we girls have Chris ten miles out in the country and will not be able to get back in time for the game—unless the members of the teams are willing to do what we ask.'

"'What's that?'

"'I said, that unless you comply with our demands, we'll hold Chris till after the game.'

"Of course, I was too sore to speak a word for the moment, but stood there mumbling and trying to take the phone. And I'll be switched if they didn't bind my hands with a hair ribbon, threaten me with a hat pin, and force me to say over the phone what they told me to.

"Sweet Hetty jabbed me in the ribs—'Tell him you're in an awful mess and can't get back unless he grants our request.'

"Then, of course, I had to forget myself and say *something* which shocked the modesty of the girls, who then forced me with their weapons to get on my knees and apologize.

"'What?' demanded the manager at the other end.

"Then Hetty took the phone, 'You could at least be civil—Stop—Mr. Lloy, if you swear again, we'll hold him till after the game.'

"Then, of course, Lloy had to swear and then I—and between us we nearly queered it all.

"And I'll be switched if those co-eds didn't demand the monograms from every single one of the team, before they'd untie my hands, or quit jabbing me with the hat pins.

"I did n't even have time to warm up for the game, but, believe me, I pitched the game of my life. And the team and the bleachers were behind me, too. The cardinal band men nearly played their heads off. I think that it was in the last half of the eighth that——"

Suddenly Chris's robust offspring grew impatient, fidgeted, and without the least warning stood up on Chris's knee and dealt him—a Herculean blow over the head with his rattle.

"Instead of sympathizing, Bob began to laugh.

"Say, Bob, did you notice the way he held that rattle? Just like Ty Cobb—left handed."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Bob, "he's going to be a slugger!"

"Yep!" wagered Christy, "a *hard* one, too, and I'll bet its just because of that sweater he is wearing. Those monograms were worn by the best baseball men that ever entered Stanford.

Just Around School

Wanted - Excitement - Found

VIOLA ZAHN '16

IT was a rollicking bunch that threw the rice and all the old shoes of the neighborhood as a last farewell to "Bobs" and "Barby" as they stepped into the launch. Everyone in the party will remember Barby's last words.

"Oh, for some excitement!"

Some thought it odd—and so will you—that a bride should utter such a thing on her wedding day. But to Barby's intimates it seemed the most natural thing in the world. She had always lived with a maiden aunt and, consequently,—well, you know what excitement there is in that. "I want excitement!" Excitement forever was her cry. Do you blame her?

The launch cruised as the whims and fancies of the happy couple directed. Anderson, at the wheel, did some maneuvering that day. By evening they touched the harbor of Richmond.

Concealed lights cast a soft shadow through the cabin. Every effort to satisfy the demand of comfort, convenience and taste had been put forth. Lounging chairs, divans smothered in cushions, a reading table, hanging ferns, pictures and magazines. Robert Stearns and his bride *completed this fascinating picture.* A handsome fellow, was, alive to responsibilities, but just now gloriously and deeply in love with his bride. They passed the evening quietly—until the sound of scuffling without caused Stearns to step out on deck. As he did so, an officer dashed past him and caught his wife. With an oath Stearns sprang after. A shot rang out.

A boat manned by a couple of negroes came along side the launch. A short, wiry, black mustachioed fellow sprang on deck.

"We got 'em, the whole bunch, chief," joyfully shouted the officer.

"Don't say so, don't say so. Well, well. Good work. Who shot?"

"I, sir. Just to let 'em know we mean business this time. SHE denies she is madam, and so does the gentleman."

"Of course, of course," in a tone indicating that this was to be expected.

The cabin was dark now, except for a patch of moonlight that fell across Sterns with his arm flung around Barby, in protection.

"Dear, don't be frightened. It will be all right, by and by. They will find their mistake soon enough."

"I wish I were home." Two big tears trickled down her nose.

"Here they are, sir," the chief gave a quick look of satisfaction toward Barby.

"Where's Healy?"

"Right here, sir." He came up with Anderson, who had been found in hiding. He had run into the launch's junk closet when the revolver was fired. All went on deck and were soon rowed to shore.

The prison door clanged shut. Dazedly Barby glanced around. The damp, chill air struck her, she shuddered. There was nothing but an empty cot in the cell. "A whole night in this place, ugh!" another shudder. Mechanically she repeated this phrase, then her thoughts went toward Robert. What was he doing?

Overhead through the barred window the moonlight streamed through. But to Barby, lying on the cell cot it wasn't the dear old moon that had kept watch over her and Bobs on the eve of their wedding. Was it just last night? It seemed like weeks.

* * * * * * *

Barby and Bobs were in the court room, sentenced to the gallows. She had said her last farewell, they were all there, even her serene aunt. Firm hands laid hold of her, and started away—. She woke up with a start and realized where she was. But the horror of her dream never left. She looked out at the stars. A quotation learned in childhood came to her.

"Two men looked out of the prison bars,
One saw mud, one saw stars."

The words were meaningless to her now, but mechanically she repeated them throughout the remainder of the long night that would never end.

By the next evening the papers were full of it.

NEVILLE GAZETTE.

Wednesday Morning, August 25, 1915.

START MARRIED LIFE IN PRISON.

Mrs. Stearn, bride of the Hon. Mr. Stearns, answers to description of Madame Dredina Graydon, noted woman smuggler, is seized, put in cell. The mistake was not discovered until this morning.

* * * * * * *

Barby's town saw it. Some sympathized, some just laughed, some cried, but Barby's friends rejoiced. The dear girl was happy. She had found excitement, her longed for wish had been answered.

The Redwood

Beside the Redwood beautiful and grand,
That lifts its form toward heaven, as tho' in quest
Of some bright star to crown its verdant crest,
Inspired, moved, in wondering awe I stand.

O 'tis a noble piece of Nature's art,
And noble was the deed of he who fought
To save it and its stately mates, when 'twas thought
To fell these ancient monarchs for the mart.

M. B. HYLAND, '16.

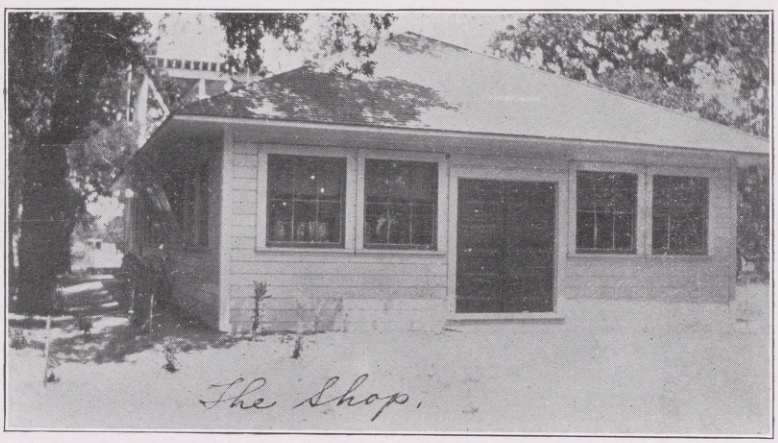
A Petition

(Apologies to K. C. B.)

MISS WOLFENBARGER,
PLEASE,
MAY I CHANGE my
SEAT, because I had
A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE there
YESTERDAY;
DURING RECITATION I felt
SOMETHING TICKLE my
HAND, and I
LOOKED, and it was a
BIG, BLACK FLEA and I
ANNIHILATED HIM
AT ONCE, ugh!
AND, besides,
THE PERSON WHO sits in
FRONT of me,
IS THE BEST example of
PERPETUAL motion
I HAVE EVER seen;
SHE MAKES me
NERVOUS and I can't
RECITE, or anything.
THE SEAT which I
WOULD LIKE to sit
IN is in the third
ROW and is the
LAST SEAT.
I thank you. **CALVIN H. CASE, '17.**

Just Around School

Our new tennis court!



The Shop.

The Legend of the Golden Gate

RUTH DAVIS, '17

BE it known unto you that at one time no Golden Gate opened from the Pacific Ocean into California. Tall trees and wild brush grew there. For miles along a smooth coast, bears, elk, coyotes, and every other animal dear to an Indian, prowled. It was the happy hunting ground. The Great Spirit, Quoit, dwelt there. He was kind to the Indians and let them come often to kill the wild beasts. To please his daughter, Paphela, he demanded, as payment, every three years a beautiful maid or young boy.

Now there lived at this time, in a valley nearby, a handsome brave called Mishe Mokwa, favorite of all chiefs and leader of the hunt. On clear moonlight nights he, with many other braves and chief-men, came to kill bears. Each hunter carried a huge torch to burn the brush before him and to prevent wild animals from devouring him. It was at one of these hunts that Wenonah, Quoit's daughter, saw Mishe Mokwa and wished him for herself. Many times she slid before him, unseen, mystical, and spoke to him, helping him kill the most terrible of all bears. Mishe Mokwa scarcely noticed this attention, however. He thought only of the beautiful daughter of the chief, who was soon to be his bride. This angered Wenonah and, at the end of three years, she had the Great Spirit demand Mishe Mokwa as his tribute.

This unexpected demand caused anguished wailing and moaning in all Indian camps, for Wenonah was dearly loved. The chief's daughter was dying of grief, and the old great-chief planned a daring thing to save her. There were yet three days, and he could easily marry his daughter to Mishe Mokwa and send word to Quoit, who accepted only strong, single braves, that Mishe Mokwa had a woman to look after and could not leave. Accordingly, he collected the noblest of his race and took them to the heart of the hunting ground. The torches were the only lights; and the graet-chief did not think but that Quoit slept. But Wenonah wandered there. As Mishe Mokwa appeared, she ran to him, but he did not see her. He was carrying the chief's daughter. Wenonah, angry and jealous, rushed to her father, screaming for vengeance. The sleepy old god rolled out of bed and followed her to the wedding. He, too, became angry. How dared they try to hoodwink him! He grabbed Wenonah and sped around a large area, striking trees and boulders, and muttering. With a crashing of rocks and trees and wild shrieks of terrified animals, the hunting ground and Indian wedding were covered with great green arms of gushing water.

Many years after, Wenonah, then an old woman, fluttered around the edge of the great lake, gazing into it and murmuring longingly. On the water a few Indians floated on huge bunches of tule, tied together and shaped into a canoe. They thought of Mishe Mokwa as they floated there, pushing great fishes from long spears with their bare toes. The Great Spirit was dead, and his kingdom buried in water, only Wenonah was left. As she realized this, she ran to the narrow strip of land between the lake and the ocean and flung herself upon it. Her weary old bones, cracked on the rocks that edge the water, flew in all directions. A portion of land yielded under her, pushing small islands out into the water and forming a wide, open gateway. The sinking sun splattered gold over it. The poor canoes, their riders gazing in terror at the transformation, bobbed out into the ocean and were lost. But one hit the bank beside the gate and lived to tell the story. There, where a wonder-land had been, was a wonder-water and a Golden Gate.

To An Agent

Whither, in boiling sun,
While glow the heavens with the heat of noon-day,
So far from thy lunch and home, doest thou pursue
So wearily thy way?

Vainly thou goest; for
The kindest matron, to thy request so meek,
Replies, e'en though she thinks thou art a bore,
With, "Come again next week."

And in thy head grey hairs
Pop out, as tired and cross thou farest on;
Thy courage, pricked by "no indeeds" and stares,
Fast oozing, but not gone.

All day thy tired feet tread
The paths to doorways strange; though greetings grim
But turn thee forth, hopeless and nearly dead,
To stalk the streets again.

Ah! soon thy toil shall cease,
Soon shalt thou rest thy trudging feet and sore,
And vow to be, when back at home in peace,
An agent nevermore!

The Rising Sun

GERTRUDE CARRINGTON, '18

ONE morning, an hour before dawn, I rose quietly, and stole away from the house without any one's knowledge. I climbed to the highest hilltop where I could get a good view of the valley, seated myself beneath a huge oak, and awaited the rising of the sun.

The sounds of nature were all that could be heard; the crisp chirp of the crickets, the drowsy bass songs of the frogs, and now and then the splash when one jumped into the lake. The west wind gently stirred the trees and grasses, and tripped lightly across the lake. Gradually the songs ceased, and all was wrapped in a blue gray silence. All nature seemed as if in solemn prayer at the approach of dawn.

Soon the sky became brighter, the blue gray melting into a hazy red. First a little murmur, then a rustle could be heard. The breeze stirred the trees that were now reflected in the lake. The clouds over the distant mountains were aglow as with fire.

At last the sun appeared, and all nature burst into rapturous delight. The throat of each little bird swelled with its song, and the bees awoke and buzzed their way in and out among the trees and flowers. Thus the day commenced, with the arms of nature stretched forth at full length with a glorious greeting.

Contemplation

ALAIN BRUNHOFER, '17

Hark! the convent bells are ringing
Softly, over wood and lea;
Glow-worms now their lamps are bringing,
Lending light to you and me.

Swiftly are Diana's arrows
Fleeting through the starry sky;
Day is done, all earthly sorrows
Are appeased by God on high.

When the golden sun is setting,
Man once more from toil is free,
And, his weary cares forgetting,
Thinks: "Thou lovest even me."

A Freshman's Dream

HAZEL FRIIS, '18

THUMP!! pounce!—"Aw! lay off o' me," plunk—squtter——Ow-w-w-w o o o o o ————."

Such were the sounds, more or less indistinct, issuing from a boys' dormitory, immediately following a very interesting Freshman Reception.

Shortly thereafter, several boys were seen hastily slipping away, fervently yelling, "rah! rah! rah!" Close on their heels there emerged from the shadows a bedraggled figure, from whose weary person there oozed a goodly mixture of water and profanity, as he limped away in the opposite direction.

The Upperclassmen of the M——— H gh School had been having great sport at the Freshman Reception, and Bob Van Buren was one of the poor unfortunates who was given a good ducking.

"This is the limit," he grumbled to himself as he made his way homeward, "I feel as though I never want to go to that school again, and face those jeering, long-legged, upperclassmen. And besides I promised to take Louise home tonight. Oh, ye gods and little tin fishes!! I'll have to make apologies all around tomorrow, and how I hate to! But wouldn't I look sweet, seeing a fairy maiden home tonight? But I'll get even, you see if I don't. I may be a Freshie, but they're smarties."

With these words he reached his home, and ascending the stairs with the fairy lightness of an elephant walking on eggs, let himself in, and slammed the door. Glancing at the grandfather's clock in the hall, he perceived that the time was 12:30 A. M., made a grimace, and went up to his room.

Wet and angry he could not bear the thoughts of sleep; so divesting himself of his outer garments, he put on a dressing gown and lay down a few moments before preparing for bed.

He lay looking at the ceiling and thinking many pleasant (?) things about the upperclassmen. Nothing broke the silence except the ticking of his watch and he soon grew calm and sleepy.

"Well, tomorrow I'll play a good trick on that blamed fatty who almost pulled my arm off," said Bob. "But I'm too sleepy now to think more about it." So he closed his eyes, and dozed off in sweet slumber.

But who is this in the room? Why, the fatty who almost pulled his arm off.

"Get out of here you fat porcupine, before I pound the stuffing out o' you," yelled Bob.

"Let's see you do it," said Fatty; whereupon a huge scramble ensued. Down the stairs they went, two steps at a time, burst out the front door, and down the street.

All went well until "boomp!"—right into a policeman went Bob. There was a mixture of legs and arms, loud exclamations and agonizing cries, as Bob extricated himself from the chaos and continued the chase. He had not gone far when a peddler stepped in his way, and Bob took a hard seat in his cart, which scatered onions, and potatoes all in directions.

"Ah! you braka the fina the spuda. I fixa you", were the words of the peddler as, with a swift kick, he helped Bob speed on his way.

Around the corner he went, and sped Fatty talking to a drayman. Bob stopped near the drayman, too,—not to talk,—but to climb out of a flour barrel that was in his way. He certainly looked like a "white hope", as he emerged from the barrel. Flour was in his hair, and his eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. Altogether he looked so funny and abusurd, that Fatty sat on the curb, and laughed fit to break his heart.

"Laugh?" Bob roared.

The drayman roared, to, which so enraged Bob, that he landed on Fatty prepared for a fight. Over and over they rolled, bumping and punching, until Bob got all twisted up in his dressing gown, thus enabling Fatty to get away. Bob was after him in no time, but Fatty, making for the park, led Bob a goodly chase through hedges, under benches, around garbage cans, and, finally, up a tree that stood near the lake. Up a tree went Bob, but not the same tree. Several large bumps rose on his head from frequent contact with limbs obstructing his way, but he finally reached the top. Gazing around, he saw Fatty in the other tree close by, watching him intently.

"Well?" glowered Bob.

"Well! What are you going to do now?" said Fatty.

"Do? I'm going to get you and make hash out of you!" exclaimed Bob, and, suiting his actions to his words, he made a bound for the other tree.

A breathless moment followed the bound. Then "Splash!"—into the lake went Bob.

"Help! Gurgle—gub—Help! I'm drowning," yelled Bob, but his words were wasted on the empty air. Water rushed in his ears with a thundering sound, and all was blackness. He was going down—down—down. "Bump!" He hit the bottom of the lake with a jar that made him sit up and open his eyes.

"Where was he?" Why in his own room, having just awakened from a Freshman dream.

Prodigal Jean

MARGUERITE HYLAND. '16

THE wild October day was shivering reluctantly into the shadowy clasp of twilight as the faint bugle call faltered and floated away into silence.

The old man stopped, straightened his toil-burdened shoulders, and slowly turned his snow-white head. His faithful donkey stopped, too, and the ancient cart jolted into a hollow, then, after a spasmodic jerk, remained motionless.

"Oh," muttered the old man, "the sun has long set; we must hurry Faithful; for two long miles lie before us and you are slow." Gently, with trembling hand, he stroked the soft head of his donkey, who merely opened one eye and then relapsed into semi-slumber. The peasant shook his head, smiled whimsically, and seemed to lose himself in deep meditation. A tremulous bird quivered in the air through the darkness of a moonless night.

"Monsieur Barante! Oh, Monsieur Barante!" called a high melodious voice out of the silent blackness. "Where are you?"

Slowly the old man raised his heavy head again. "Here I am, Chloe. Tell me—what is it you want?"

"Oh, where are you? It's so dark, I feel like a part of a big black cloud and hardly dare move for fear of falling out of the sky." She laughed, but a great sob shook her gentle voice.

The man heard the sob and, knowing why, took her white cold hand in his and pressed it comfortingly.

"Don't be frightened, my child," he soothed, "Father Barante won't let you fall out of the sky."

"Father Barante! you might have been my Father Barante."

"Yes, Chloe, it might have been."

"But did you get no word?"

"Never a sign, Chloe. It's a long time since he left, but never a word for his old father. Oh, and you, too, Chloe, have felt his forgetfulness. Poor child!" He stroked the girl's dark head, his rough hand soft with tenderness.

"Why did you come for me now, child? You should be home these terrible war times. Oh, Chloe, the soldiers are near!"

"Well, I know it," calmly she spoke. "Mother wishes you to stay with us tonight. The night is bad and the way is long."

"Always, my good angel!" said the peasant fervently. "I must go tonight, however, with the farmer's money from the Bordeaux bank."

"Listen, I hear a rustling back there," she whispered. "You must

be afraid to carry money on this lonely road? The soldiers——''

''The soldiers of France are not thieves!'' cried the old man, proudly raising his feeble body. ''No, I must go. Good-bye, Chloe. Wish me luck on my journey.''

''Good-bye, Father Barante, may God——'' sobbing bitterly, she fled.

''Poor child,'' murmured Monsieur Barante as he started Faithful on her unwelcome journey. ''Poor child! How she has suffered! It seems, somehow, not like Jean, never to write. He was a good boy, but how the generations change! Never would I have even thought of leaving my father, but Jean did. He cannot be dead or I would receive the old watch charm as he promised.'' He broke the stitches which held closely together the hidden pocket in the bottom of his weathered coat, and taking out a tiny bag, carefully opened it and, by the light of a match, saw half an old coin, black with age, before his eyes. He held it for a while tight in his palm; then carefully returned it to its place of safety. The donkey trotted on steadily now and the old man stumbled along beside, muttering to himself.

''And now we have another war so soon. When I heard the taps tonight, it seemed like the old war; it seemed as if I were in the army, the gallant Seventy. If only Jean had stayed at home to join the army. Join perhaps the same good old regiment. Oh, how proud I would be! But now——'' he rambled on in silence.

Suddenly, that silence was broken, a light flashed out of the darkness on the weary face, and a deep voice commanded, ''Hold up your hands.'' A tall figure stepped into the road and confronted the terror-sticken peasant. ''Hand over that money!''

''I haven't——''

''Don't say that! I heard you tell the girl.''

''But it isn't mine. It belongs to the farmers.''

''Well, what of it. It's money and that's what I want.''

Monsieur Barante was stunned for a moment. Then he shrieked, ''Help! Thieves! Help!''

Over the peasant's mouth a rough black hand was put. But sounds in the bushes near by frightened the thief and he disappeared in the night.

''I'm coming,'' called a strong voice, and another figure burst into the road and to the side of the frightened man.

''Well,'' exclaimed the rescuer, taking in the situation at a glance, ''this is a nice affair. No use following that fellow in this darkness, though. Did he harm you Monsieur?''

''No, thank you, but see, young man, you have dropped your

watch,'' Monsieur Barante stooped to pick it up and the light caught and gleamed on the queer charm.

''Where?'' he gasped. ''Oh, my boy! My little Jean!''

''Father! Father Barante, can it be you?''

After many tears and broken sentences the story was told, that old, old story of the prodigal son; and, as the father listened, a deep peace fell upon him.

After a long pause the young man said, ''But father, Chloe?''

''Sadly has she daily waited and watched,'' was his happy reply.

''Still waiting? What a wonderful love! She will be pleased to know that I am a captain in the army.''

''Yes, my son, very glad. To me it seems as though my youth had come back again. Sometimes I cannot separate this war from that of 1870. It is all very strange, but I am growing old and time shades my memory like evening shadows.''

''Come, Father Barante, let us turn about. We must go back to Chloe.''

''Yes,'' murmured the old man with a contented smile, ''we must go back to Chloe.''

Billie's Fishing

ALICE JESS, '17

One gay and gladsome May-day Morn,
While dew-drops did the grass adorn,
Billie Freshman would go fishing,—
For that good sport he'd been a wishing,
So armed with tackle, bait and fly,
His heart in tune to the bright blue sky,
The song of the birds, and the hum of bees,
And the wind a whispering through the trees,

Brave Billie gaily marched along,
Whistling the while a tuneful song.
But the sun waxed hot, and far the pool;
So our hero's courage began to cool,
And the fish were not in the mood for baiting,
Nor Billie in the mood for waiting.
Thus, when all was said and done,
One single, sorry fish,—*just one*,

Adorned the end of Billie's string,—
A lonely, lonesome little thing.
Now in his heart our Freshman said,
"I feel a deep and direful dread,
Lest, as I wend my homeward way,
A Senior near my path should stray;
For he could nothing better wish,
Than to scorn my little fish."

So, suiting action unto word,
Billie's foot-steps soon were heard,
Climbing up the back yard stairs,—
Entering his door-way out of sight.
Again bold Billie greets the night,

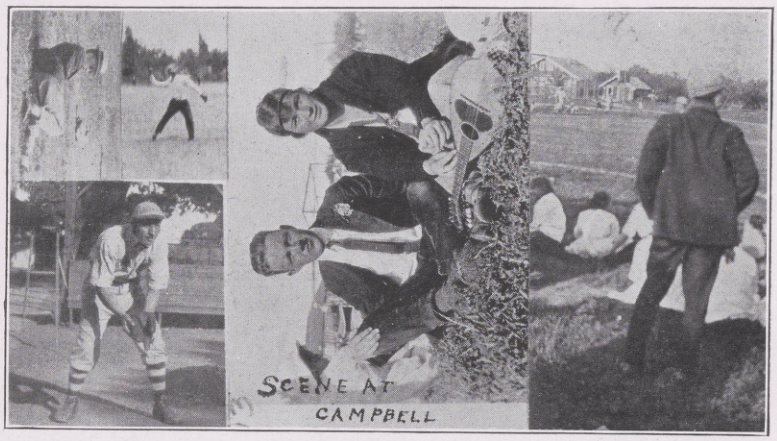
Eyes that snapped and head erect,
Chest inflated, all correct,
Ready for a great big bluff,
When, lo! just yonder, sure enough,
Strolls Sir Senior on the walk,
Meets him square, and stops to talk.

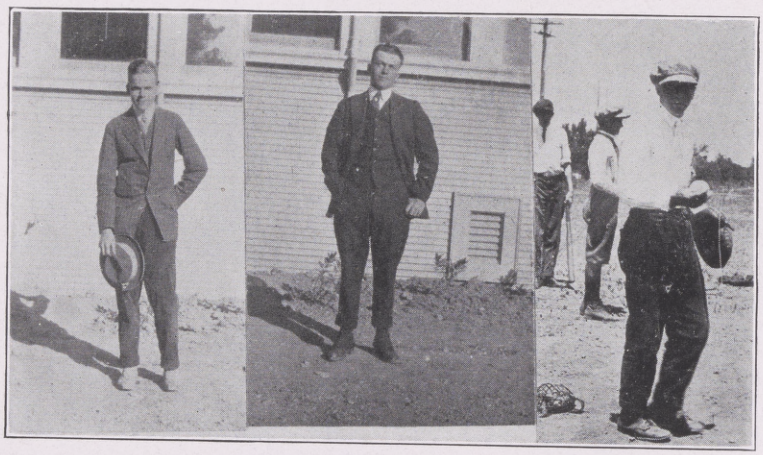
"Hi there, Billie! Swell old night!
Did the little fishes bite?"
"Sure," said Billie, "fine and dandy,
At that sport I am quite handy."
Now behold the fishling grow
Like Jonah's gourd,—*a marvel, O!*
From point of nose to tip of tail,
It swift approaches Jonah's whale.

The while Sir Senior, hat in air,
Cries, "Come now, Billie Boy, play fair,"
That's a big one, fisher man,
Just trot him out,—D'ye think you can?
Slyly Billy winks his eye,
And utters forth a deep drawn sigh,
Likewise emits a sheepish grin,
As if to say, "*The game's all in.*"
Quoth he,—"*I lost him in the creek.*"
Sir Senior said, "*Bill, you're a brick.*"

Thus ends this simple little ditty—
None too wise, and not o'er witty—
But a lesson brief it holds—
Unto all, this truth unfolds—
When you're shy of prepared stuff,
Just put up a hearty bluff,
And, like Billy, wily sinner,
You'll be sure to come off winner.

Just Around School





H. MOORE H. BURKE T. SILVA

Duty Versus Pleasure

VIOLA ZAHN, '16

OH, the dickens! Why were final examinations ever invented anyway. My, but I'm so sleepy! I don't care if I do fail in this pesky German. I'll have some fun at college, anyway.

With a glad heart I packed my things for college and soon arrived in the college town. When I had looked after my trunk I decided to go directly to the college campus, but how to get there, was the question.

"I will show you," said a voice at my elbow, "as I fear Pleasure will kidnap you. Come on, follow me."

My amazement was so great upon suddenly beholding him that I meekly followed him up the street. He pulled a well thumbed book from his pocket and commenced reading. I edged around and recognized my old German book that I had used in M. V. U. H. S.

"I see you are industrious," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, "everybody studies in College-Land. That is your ticket for entrance."

My curiosity got the better of me and I said, "Pardon me, but who are you anyway?"

"Don't you remember me? I have not had the pleasure of your company very often this past year, but in former days we used to be the best of pals. My name is Duty."

And again he bent studiously over his book as we walked along. I was growing provoked by this time and felt like snatching the book from his hands; but, instead, I refrained and asked very politely if he wouldn't please tell me where College-Land was and all about it.

He looked at me in much surprise until I felt that his usually mild eyes would pierce me. "Well," he began, "you will probably be lonely at first, only a very few of your friends are there. Pleasure, your friend of the past year, is continually trying to hire them to follow him. Many do, but some escape after a time. He succeeded in getting many from the M. V. U. H. S. '16 Class. Go right ahead now and you can't miss the gate. I have to go for another fellow. Goodbye," and Duty disappeared as abruptly as he had appeared.

Before me lay a broad well-worn path, and down this I started. Suddenly an immense wall rose before me, barring further progress. Looking closely I saw a small iron gate, above which was the inscription, "This is College-Land," and below in smaller letters, "Der Eintritt—100% in Deutsch." With stupefaction I gazed at the sign. Who

ever heard of such a thing? The sound of merry voices greeted my ears, and looking to my left I saw a beautiful lake with men and women, gaily costumed, rowing and walking under the shade trees and ferns. From one side I heard the tripp.ng of merry feet. "My, I wish I were there," said I.

"Come with me," said a voice at my elbow. I looked in amazement at a prosperous looking fellow with a flowing tie. "Don't you recognize an old friend?" he said in a reproachful tone. To be sure, it was my old friend, Pleasure. I greeted h m cordially.

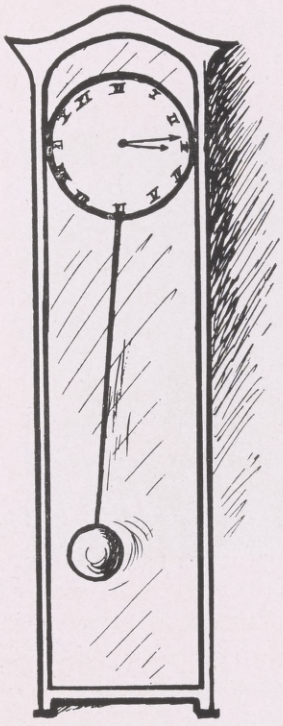
He said, "I saw you speaking to Duty, but I hope it is nothing serious," he laughed bewitchingly in my face. "Come with me, and you shall have a moonlight row and dance. Don't go back on your old friend. You won't be lonely—in fact, you will feel quite at home. A vast number of your friends are there."

I was undec.ded. I looked toward College-Land with it's high somber wall, within which there was such peace, and then with longing eyes to the beautiful lake, where Pleasure ruled supreme. At this moment shrieks of indescribable anguish and terror came from the lake. A great commotion had arisen and I could see forms fleeing wildly in every direction. Turn ng, I asked Pleasure what had caused the disturbance, but he had disappeared. I stood still, puzzled, not knowing what to do. Shrieks and moans again greeted my ears and a long line of gaunt, ghastly men passed by. In their faces was depicted the utmost misery and each carried a ball and chain. I shivered.

"These," said a vo.ce at my shoulder, "are the spirits of those who sought or followed Pleasure. I recognized the voice of Duty. "Follow me and I will show you the supreme punishment." I was weak and faint by this time, but Duty gave me strength.

We went into a horrible cave in which was a deep, dark, frightful hole, with creeping things in every crevice. Across the top was a heavy log. Around this was tied a cable, which hung down in the middle of the hole. It's swaying showed there was a weight on the end of it. "This," said Duty, "is the bottomless pit. This cable passes around the waist of Pleasure's victims and his hands are tied behind his back. Every twenty-four hours a strand of the cable snaps before his eyes; thus he is forced to see his life slowly ebbing away. He is absolutely powerless, for below is only space."

I shivered. "Oh, what misery! take me away, quick!" I clung to Duty's hand. The thud of the fall of a human victim struck our ears and, with a start, I awoke and leaned forward to pick up my German book which had fallen on the floor. I glanced at my watch. Whew! only an hour to prepare for the final Ex.



Waiting

GEORGIA PORTER, '17

I've studied all my Latin,
I've read my History, too;
I've worked my Algebra problems,
And read my English through.

I am waiting, patiently waiting,
And I'm feeling rather blue;
Never a day seems half so long,
If you've something else to do.

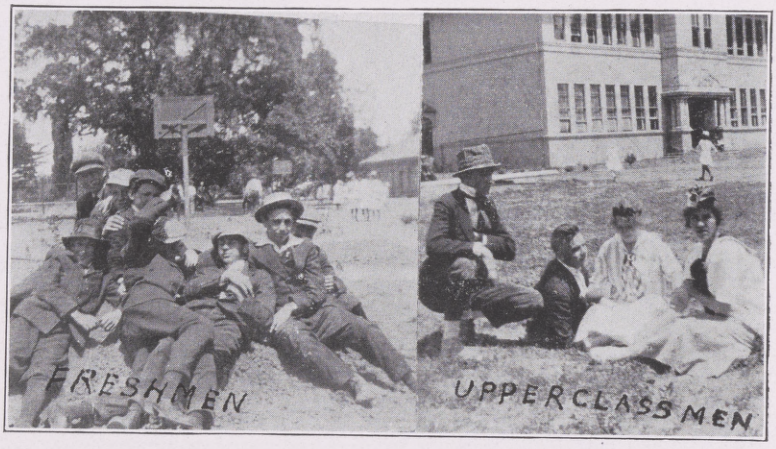
I'm waiting, waiting, waiting,
And I think it's mighty mean
That the clock does not go faster
And ring for 3:15.

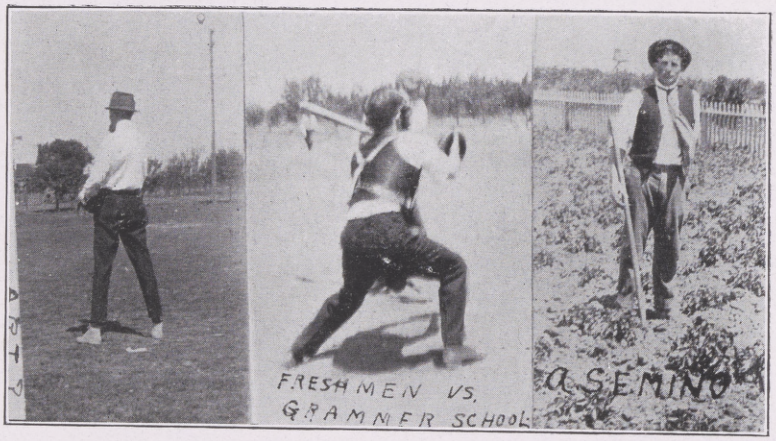
The Ice Skater

ELSIE OLSEN, '18

HER eyes were of an evening blue as clear as a well, that has the truth lying at the bottom of it. The cap pulled far down on her forehead, and the high collar of her sweater buttoned up to the chin, left visible only a small part of her face. The cold wind blew her golden curls in all directions, and made her cheeks look as red as winter apples. Dressed in high-topped sport shoes, "blazer" skirt, an Alice blue sweater and cap, she made a pretty picture. She took some long, graceful strides on her skates, and was lost to my view.

Just Around School





The Rosebud

FLORA NORRIS.' 17

I looked at a little pink rosebud. How delicate and beautiful its petals! How carefully its green encasement protected it! It knew nothing of the pain and sorrow in the world. It was there to help overcome them; to make the world more beautiful and pure. It is one of God's gifts to make this sphere a happier home for us mortals. How often we do not appreciate these wonderful things around us! Would it not be a vastly different world if we lived, as the little rose, to lighten others' burdens?

Sylvan Solitude

Within the shadow of the pine,
Beneath the elm tree's ample shade
I roam, and marvel at how fine
Are nature's stalwart giants made.

From out the sylvan solitude
Come sounds of creatures all unseen,
The strife of day is here subdued,
The mind is filled with thoughts serene.

And when the twilight hours have flown,
And through the trees the moonlight flows,
'Neath stars o'erhead I lay me down,
In leafy bed to seek repose.

ALVIN BRUNHOFER, '17.

A Spring Sunset

FLORA MORRIS. '17

THE orchards were very beautiful with their mass of snowy blossoms. The mountains stood, boldly outlined, above this sea of whiteness. The great red sun, just sinking over their crest, left the valley in a soft twilight. The mountains still showed contrasts of sun and shade. In the west the clouds were a great mass of burnished gold, the treasure of heaven. Overhead floated fleecy milk-white clouds. In the east the last rays of the sun transformed them into a delicate pink. As the sun sank lower, the mountains became a beautiful blue. The golden glow of the west changed to a gorgeous rose. The twilight deepened. The mountains darkened to a hazy purple. The glory of the west faded. Shadows lengthened, and soon it was night.

Horoscope of

Scientific Name	Common Name	Others Opinion	Favorite Occupation
Florence Regli	Flossie	Good Natured	Tatting
Edith Oliver	Ede	Quiet??	Primping
Harold Moore	Stag	Crabby	Sleeping
Donald McKean	Mac	Ambitious	Getting News for the "Blue and Gray"
Katherine Mockel	Kate	Studious	Typing
Esther Lawler	Janet	Pretty Good Kid	Watching for Mail
Clinton Parker	"I"	Important	Studying English?
Hugh Ross	Doc	Good Natured	Talking in a Junior "Hall"
Natalie Couch	Nat	Easy Going	Powdering
Bonnie Barkway	Bones	Sweet Girl	Running a "Jit"
Louisa Lewis	Wiser	O. K.	Studying
Ellsworth Trulsen	Swede	A Good Bluffer	Kidding Miss P.
Mildred Holmes	Millie	A Good Sport	Walking with —?
Elsie Baker	Minute	Stubborn	Talking to —?
Theresa Skinner	Tete	Cute	Chaperoning
Marguerite Hyland	Margie	A Perfect Cherub	Automobiling with —?
Ruth Thompson	Rufus	Agreeable	Dancing
Vera Barnes	Just Vera	Quiet	Minding Her Own Business
David Booher	Dave	Bashful	Blushing
Helen Tompkins	Tommy Cats	Demure	Drawing
Viola Zahn	Vi	Jolly	Making Faces
Henry Raines	Leber Henrich (by girls)	A Flirt	Passing Notes to a Soph.
Annie Center	Ann	Saucy	Pinching
Henry Tompkins	Mace	Harmless	Smiling

Senior Class

Expression	Favorite Song	Destination
Your Crazy	"Not Because Your Hair Is Curly"	Old Maid??
"Gosh all Hemlock"	"So Long Lettie"	A Nun?
You ought to be shot	"Won't be Home 'Till Morning"	Hard Telling
By Jing!	"Down on the Farm"	Editor
Yes! No!	"Just Some One"	Stenographer
Uh! Gosh!	"Gone, But Not Forgotten"	Gilroy
You don't say so	"Mother"	A Frat Brother
O Gee!	"There's a Little Spark of Love"	Already Satisfied
I should worry!	"On the Front Seat of Henry Ford"	A Nurse?
Well I thought I'd die	"In My Merry Ford"	Jitney Driver
Oh! that's nothing	"On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine"	Missionary
Why?	"When the Midnight Cho Cho Leave for Alabam"	A Bachelor
Go on, please	"No Wedding Bells for Me"	Nobody Knows
Stop it!	"Sierra Sue"	Prima Donna
Don't ye know nothing?	"Old Hawaii"	The Islands
Abstinent Fool!	"Take Me Back to the Garden of Love"	Waitress
Huh?	"Waltz Me Around Again —?"	Not Particular
Say, listen kiddo	"Memories"	School
Never talks	"Mother Says I Mustn't So I Won't"	Deacon
Good heavens!	"God Save the King"	Artist
Oh, darn you!	"I Don't Care What Become of Me"	Author
Now, I know	"I Love the Lady(ies)"	Mechanic
O, go on!	"I Never Heard of Anybody Dying from Kissing"	Indefinite
Oh! Yes	"I've Only One Idea About Girls"	Farmer

Viola Zahn '16
Annie Center '16
Eunice Reyburn '17

A Visit to a Modern Farm

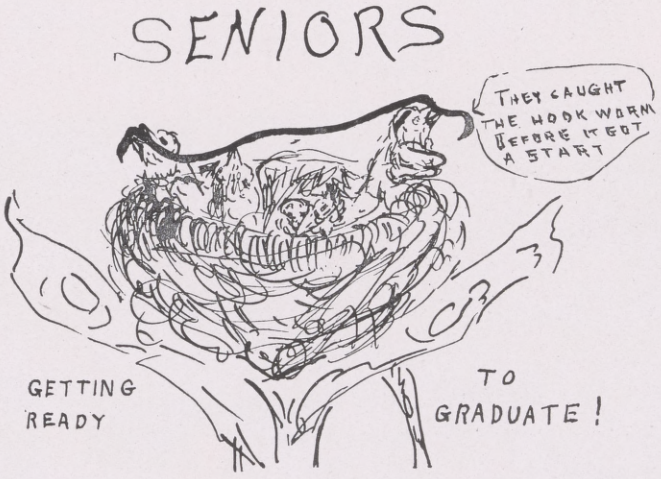
NORMA SEMINO '17

EDITH OLIVER lives in the Hyland(s), where there are frequent Raines.

One day Annie Center a letter, asking her to pay her a visit. Two days after sending the letter, near dinner time, as Annie was about to Baker pies, she heard her dog Bark(a)way furiously; for he was a "Regli(r) terror", as Annie always said. Thrusting the pies into the oven, she hurried to the door. There stood Edith Oliver. Annie greeted her cordially and asked her into the parlor, where Edith sat down on a Couch and took off her hat and gloves. Then they had dinner and talked about old times. After dinner, they took a walk through a field below the house, in which they picked wild flowers and watched the cows. Soon a good-natured, lumbering, old cow walked up to Edith to be petted. Edith, being afraid of cows, started to Booher away, but Annie informed her that she was very gentle and would not hurt anyone. They then went to the house, cooked supper, and then retired.

The next morning they breakfasted early, and, after the dishes were washed, they went for a spin in Annie's Ford. They drove to the office of Ruth Thomp('s)son, who was Annie's Law(l)(y)er. At the door of the office they met the office boy to whom they gave their cards. The boy soon came out and said, "Mr. T(h)ompkin see you now, as he's not very busy. Gee, but he was (c)Ross when I went in." After talking over some financial matters with him, they arose to go. At the door, Annie turned around and asked, "Do you know where Lewis living now?" He told her that she had moved to a beautiful ranch four miles from there. They decided to visit her. They were greeted joyfully by Lou, who had not seen them for years. After looking around the ranch for a while, all three got into the car and started for Annie's home. Soon they arrived at a park, where a baseball game was going on. Annie suggested that they stop to watch it. To this all agreed. Not finding a suitable place for the machine, Annie asked, "Where can we Parker?" Lou said, "Why not put it between those two red Barnes over there?" She drove it there and went back to the others. As they watched the game they ate candy. Soon Edith's tooth began to ache. Turning to Annie, she announced in a matter-of-fact tone, "My Zahn is aching." For a while, Edith was puzzled; then she woke up, laughed, and started to jabber in German. They watched the game till it was over and then started homeward. On their way they saw the beautiful Holmes of the wealthy people of the city. When they arrived at the house, Annie decided to have rabbit for dinner.

With the aid of Ed th and Lou, Annie finally managed to kill a fat rabbit. Then she hung it under a tree and went into the house for a (Mc)kean knife with which to skin it. Edith, intending to surprise Annie, started to pluck the rabbit, but had not gone far, when Annie returned. "Oh," she exclaimed, "you cannot pluck the rabbit; you must Skinner." The rabbit was delicious, and after dinner, Edith said she must return home. Lou said she must go, too. As Annie, on the doorstep, was b dding them goodbye, they turned around and said, "Be sure to have some Moore rabbit for us when we come again.



ARTS AND CRAFTS

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Alumni

Alumni

THE Mountain View High School is proud of her Alumni. Judging from the work they are doing and the useful lives they are leading, they are a great benefit to society and also help to keep up the high standard of our school. In the following notes we will endeavor to give as accurately as possible, information in regard to the whereabouts of the Alumni.

1904

Edward Green, Teacher ..... Dublin, Alameda Co.

1905

Alice Whittemore, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Mrs. S. V. Addatto (nee Edna Higgins) ..... San Jose

1906

Louis Wagner, Druggist ..... Mountain View
John Bubb, Mining Engineer ..... Marysville
Rosa Sturla, Teacher in Colma School ..... San Francisco
Willard Ayer, Employee in Great Western Power Co ..... Oakland
Mrs. R. K. Barry (nee Ruby Trubaschenk) ..... San Diego

1907

Mrs. Totman (nee May Cushing) ..... Rio Vista
Charles Atkins, Principal ..... Oleander

1908

Claude Shull, Teacher ..... South Lancaster, Mass.
William Goodwin, Teaching in Polytechnic High School ..... Los Angeles
Mrs. C. E. Newnan (nee Alice Hill) ..... Mountain View
Mrs. O. Tait (nee Alice Chapman) ..... Mountain View
Max Ish, with Palo Alto Hardware Co ..... Palo Alto
Adeline Chapman, Art Teacher ..... South Lancaster, Mass.
Mrs. Albertsworth (nee Barbara Knox) ..... Washington, D. C.
William Garliepp, Student Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Mrs. Max Ish (nee Henrietta Bar) ..... Palo Alto

1909

Mrs. William Goodwin (nee Rosa Baker) ..... Los Angeles
Albert R. Dickson, Doctor ..... Los Angeles
Mrs. Harold George (nee Jennie Cushing) ..... Hanford
Mary Eastwood, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Roy Frick, Employed in M. V. Schools ..... Mountain View
Mrs. E. Adams (nee Agnes Urban) ..... Ukiah
Miriam Burton, Teaching Music at College of Pacific ..... Sunnyvale
John Sinz, Employee of U. S. Steel Co ..... San Francisco
Mrs. L. Dickson (nee Ysabel Morton) ..... Portland, Ore.

1910

Mrs. E. Beall (nee Electa Burkett) ..... Mayfield
Natalie Macrum, At Home ..... Los Altos
Ethel Phelps, Teaching in a M.ssion School ..... Jaro, Philippines
Frank Herbert, Entomological Ranger ..... Placerville
Mrs. C. Beal (nee Helen Evans) ..... Muskogee, Oklahoma
Evart Brightman, Salesman, Aluminum Utensil Co ..... San Francisco
Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe Mosher (nee Fanny Distil) ..... Hawaiian Islands
Roscoe Duernberger, Teaching in High School ..... Blabon, North Dakota
Mrs. C. Hustler (nee Catherine Day) ..... Sunnyvale
Irene Weber, Teaching School ..... Bakersfield
Pearl True, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Dan Ames ..... Avila
Eva Newnan, Post Graduate at Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Mrs. L. Landis (nee Helen Drake) ..... St. Helena

1911

Frances Huntington, Student, San Jose Normal ..... Los Altos
Martha Job, Teacher ..... Mountain View
Rudolph Swall, Employee Dudfield Lumber Co ..... Palo Alto
Carrie Center, At Home ..... Mountain View
Leslie Morton, In Business in San Jose ..... Mountain View
Joseph Urban, Student, Stanford University ..... Palo Alto
Elizabeth Harcourt, Teacher in Mayfield School ..... Mountain View
Mrs. Wallace Gwartney (nee Joyce Calvin) ..... Red Bluff
Joseph Pasaol, Managang a Farm ..... Orosi, Cal.
Ottilie Hoernig, Graduate Student Stanford University ..... Sunnyvale
Bernard Mason, Ranching ..... Willitts
Delma Phelps, Graduate Work S. J. Normal ..... San Jose
Raymond Frazer, Working ..... Buttonwillow
Luro Rankin, Student University of Ill ..... Urbana, Ill.
Mrs. Edward A. Eversole (nee Bessie Gwartney) ..... Ukiah
Frank O'Connell, Graduate from Stanford University ..... Mountain View

1912

Annette Stuart, Student, Stanford Univers ty ..... Mountain View
Josephine Kelsey, Teacher ..... Etna Mills
Phoebe Cook, Teacher in Spring Valley Grammar School ..... San Francisco
Dorothy Norris, Stenographer ..... San Francisco
Mrs. Paul Livesay (nee Lou se Hobart) ..... Palo Alto
Charles Moore, in Moore's Furniture Store ..... Mountain View
Mrs. Charles Moore (nee Minnie Rowles) ..... Mountain View
Ruth Booher, At Home ..... Mountain View
Lorna Donaldson, Student, Conservatory of Music, C. of P ..... Palo Alto
Raymond Mosher, Teaching Music at San Jose Normal ..... San Jose
Wauneta Watts, Trained Nurse ..... Mountain View
Alice Roberts, Employee, Pacific Press ..... Mountain View
Henrietta Drake, Working in Palo Alto ..... Mountain View
Vina Goodwin, At Home ..... Coyote
Edith Hagerty, Teaching ..... Gazelle, Siskiyou Co.
Arlie Corbet, At Home ..... Mountain View
Edith Houseman, Milliner ..... Mountain View

Rilda Skinner, Teaching ..... Mayten, Siskiyou Co.
Goldie Kensler, Teaching ..... Ager, Siskiyou Co.
Clara Hagerty, Teaching ..... Greenview, Siskiyou Co.
Kenneth Slater, Principal of Grammar School ..... Hammonton
Le Roy Morton, Ranching ..... Mountain View
Mrs. Walter A. Reubald (nee Blanche Butler) ..... San Rafael
Mrs. W. T. Boag (nee Alice Barnes) ..... San Francisco

1913

Marguerite Moore, At Home ..... Mountain View
Alice Eastwood, Teacher ..... Siskiyou Co.
Ada Wyman, At Home ..... Mountain View
Irene Setzer, Teacher ..... Lassen Co
Edna Freeman, Teacher ..... Sunnyvale
Mary Logue, Teacher ..... Sunnyvale
Reginald Harcourt, Employee Mountain View Lumber Co ..... Mountain View
Emma Millet, Student, Stanford University ..... Sunnyvale
Henrietta Dyer, Student, San Jose Normal ..... Mountain View
Ernest Loucks, Student Stanford University ..... Los Altos
Clarence Kensler, Student, Pullman College ..... Washington
Alice Pearson, Bookkeeping for Pearson & Co ..... Mountain View
Naomi Booher, Teacher ..... Houston
Alfred Martel, Traveling .....
Ethel Emerson, Student, Stanford University ..... Mountain View
Esther Booher, Milliner ..... Mountain View
Gladys Rogers, Working in Roger's Grocery Store, Los Altos ..... Mountain View
Graden Poppleton, Employed in Electric Co ..... Portland, Ore.
Glenmore Poppleton, Ranching ..... Mountain View

1914

Edith Link, Student, San Jose Normal ..... Mountain View
Alice Toft, Student, San Jose Normal ..... Mountain View
Leslie Frazer ..... Sacramento
Harold Wright, Student, Stanford ..... Los Altos
Mrs. Ray Dunshee (nee Lola Brown) ..... Palo Alto
Beulah Keagy, At Home ..... San Jose
Fannie Razek, Graduate Heald's Business College ..... Mountain View
Florence Hoernig, Student, Normal, San Jose ..... Sunnyvale
Mrs. O. Brubaker (nee Madeline Brown) ..... Los Altos
Iva Rogers, Student, Normal, San Jose ..... Mountain View
Leona Armstrong ..... New York
Ruth Drake, Nurse ..... San Francisco
Grace McConnell, Bookkeeping in Minton's Lumber Co ..... Mountain View
Alice Hagerty, Student, San Jose Normal ..... Mountain View
James Dermody, On Sugar Plantation ..... Haiku, Maui, Terr. of Hawaii
Eldora Freeman, Student, San Jose Normal .....

1915

Harriet L. Minton, Student, Normal, San Jose ..... San Jose

Alva Cooper, Student, Business College.....San Francisco
Lucile St. John, Working in Pacific Press.....Mountain View
Byron Koo, Student Medical College.....Emory, Georgia
Esther A. Smith, Pacific Union College.....St. Helena
Charlotte Ranney, Student, Junior College .....Santa Ana
Victor Davis, Bicycle Shop .....Mountain View
Helen Horton, Post Graduate Work M. V. U. H. S.....Mountain View
Lila Ohmert, At Home .....Mountain View
Angelo F. Semino, Post Graduate, Mountain View High School.....Mountain View
Beulah Job, Post Graduate, Mountain View High School.....Mountain View
Margaret Dechman, Student College of Pacific.....College Park
Donald Mork, Student, Stanford.....Mountain View
Esther Frazer, Student, College of Pacific.....Mountain View
Thos. Kleckner, Student, Stanford University.....Mountain View
Marie Garliepp, Student, Normal, San Jose.....Mountain View
Margaret Wright, Student, Stanford University.....Mountain View

Alumni Notes

Louis Wagner is in partnership with Ray Winnegar, a former student of this school, in the Drug business in Mountain View.

Joe Urban played on the Stanford Varsity football team. This is the fourth year that he has made the team.

Ernest Loucks made the Stanford Varsity track team this year. He has worked hard for three seasons, trying to do this.

Claude Schull and Adeline Chapman were married May 24, at South Lancaster, Massachusetts.

John Bubb has been making good in his engineering work. He has put through some big things lately.

Ottilie Hoernig, Eva Newnan and Martha Job reecived the Master of Arts degree at Stanford in May, 1916.

Claude Schull recently graduated from College at Berrien Springs, Michigan. He is to teach History in South Lancaster the coming year.

Lorna Donaldson received a degree in Music from the College of the Pacific, in May, 1916.

Leslie Morton was married in the early part of the year. His home is in San Jose.

A Word to the Alumni

In compliance with a request that I write a short article for the "Alumni" section of the "Blue and Gray", I am pleased to submit a few suggestions relative to former students' keeping in close association with the school and materially assisting in its progress.

Much has been done and is being done along this line in other institutions. That the "Stanford" properties have been exempt from taxation for years past; that the liquor nuisance has been so well con-

trolled in advance of the general sentiment; that athletics has not materially suffered through the break with Berkeley; as well as the admirable system of government of the properties and school—is the result of earnest democratic co-operation of students, trustees, faculty, and alumni.

Our school has already accomplished much in the way of making itself a part of the general life of the community. Its agriculture club; its cooking and sewing department, with its general household management instruction; its well equipped shop and manual training; its mathematical and drafting courses, being excellently carried out; its commercial department; its department of art and arts and crafts, with excellent equipment and instruction; its training in science, language, history, and government; its large athletic field and the idea behind it which is the physical development of all, rather than a representative few for inter-school contests—all have linked it closely with active every day life and made it possible for its students to say truly, in a measure, "I think God's thoughts."

Now, my dear Alumnus, as you grow older and grow more to appreciate the opportunity offered you, keep in touch with your school and the community and help them both to grow.

A dinner to the graduating class and another to the faculty and trustees by the domestic science department has become an established custom. The alumni banquet, which must necessarily come at commencement time, also is established. Although this comes after the dinner to the faculty and trustees, why not at that time appoint a "School affairs" committee to hold for a year with a request to the trustees and faculty that it be given a seat at the annual dinner of the next year so they may take a part in the discussion of school policies?

Why not an annual baseball game between the undergraduates and alumni as well as the football game which is already a custom?

Your association's taking an active interest in the school and its relationship to the community will have a reflex action on the association itself and keep it alive and efficient for accomplishment.

F. L. HUFF.

FRANK L. HUFF

Just Around School

Prophecy Will and History

The next morning we started bright and early. Our ride through South Dakota was a tiresome one; wherever we looked, we could see nothing but fields of wheat. We stopped at a lonely but homelike farmhouse to get some water for our radiator. As we drove into the yard, we saw a man cranking a large gray machine. I stopped and asked him if we could have some water. "Why, sure, Florence," he said. I looked at him in surprise, and Theresa said, "Why, that's Henry Raines; don't you remember that machine? We used to call it the old ark." We talked a few minutes of our high school days. He told us Vera Barnes was teaching a small school near there.

Since it was still early in the day we traveled on, stopping at several places of not much interest, until we reached Minneapolis, Minnesota.

As we were going down the main street, Theresa said, "Stop! I saw a sign with Oliver on it." I stopped, and we read, "Miss E. L. Oliver, Private German Lessons given here." I drove the Ford to the side of the street, and we went in to see her. She recognized us at once. We stayed all afternoon and talked about all of our class that graduated ten long years ago. We told her of whom we had seen and heard, and she told us that Viola Zahn was coming from Omaha to help her teach German, as her class was getting too large for her. She also told us that Margaret Hyland was in Paris designing fashions for American women. Oh yes! she said she had heard from Annie Center, who had just written a book on Diets and Dieting.

We stayed all night in Minneapolis and started early the next morning toward Wisconsin. We stayed in Eau Claire a couple of weeks to visit my relatives there.

Our trip from Eau Claire to Chicago was a very interesting one. We stayed there three days to take in the sights. We had not seen a good show since we left home, so we decided to go to one which we saw advertised, as showing some of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle's latest steps, and also some very good toe dancing.

We were hardly seated in the theatre, when some one behind us said, "Here's your last chance, better buy some chocolates,—only a few left!" I turned to see who was speaking, and of all people, can you guess? It was Hugh Ross. We had just time to say "Hello" before the curtain rose. A girl, scarcely as big as a minute, came tripping in and did some very fancy toe dancing. Theresa and I both thought that we recognized Elsie Baker. Later she came out and sang, and then we were sure. Her voice sunded just as it used to in the dear old M. V. U. H. S.

Next came the exhibition of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle's latest

steps in which we were very much interested. The girl was a beautiful blonde whom we recognized at once as Mildred Holmes. The young gentleman was, can you guess? I know that you can, but I will tell you anyway. It was Clinton Parker.

The next three days certainly went fast. Before we knew it, we were in Cleveland, Ohio. Just about two miles the other side of Cleveland one of the rear tires lew out, and we had no other to put on. We were just wondering what to do when a Ford jitney came along with a sign which read, "Cleveland and Waypoints". We hailed it for some help, and who, but Bonnie Barkway should be running it. She said she had obtained the position through her experience in taking the Art Craft pupils of Mountain View around the country.

We left the Ford by the side of the road and rode on to Cleveland with Bonnie. She told us that she had just received a letter from Natalie, who was teaching a kindergarten class in Missouri. She had written that Harold Moore was a missionary in China, and that Louisa Lewis was working for the Red Star Laundry in Los Angeles. We had to leave her before we could tell her of our trip.

We got our Ford repaired and moved on to Philadelphia. In the hotel I picked up a paper to find out what was going on in the world. On the first page of the sporting news was a large picture of Donald McKean. Underneath it was written, "The World's Champion Baseball Pitcher, now playing for the Giants". I hurried up to our room to show it to Theresa and she said, "Well, I guess he would never have been a champion, if he had not played at the M. V. U. H. S."

We ended our tour at New York City. Wearily turning to Theresa, I said, "I'm glad this trip is at an end. If I can't sell my Ford, I'll give it away, and we'll go home by boat around the Horn or through the Panama Canal if it is open."

Will of the Senior Class of 1916

HUSH! the June Class of 1916 is passing away. Owing to the study on the part of a few of us, and bluffing on the part of most of us, the faculty of the M. V. U. H. S., for whom we have "crammed" for many a night, until the first tinge of red was seen in the east, have passed judgment upon us, and we are condemned to leave this life of study and fun and enter the great world, amidst whose busy walks we shall often pause and longingly sigh for the old schooldays and for the sight of Ellsworth Trulsen announcing student body meetings in Assembly.

Thus, knowing that our fate is to be sealed on the 22nd of June 1916, we, the Senior Class of the M. V. U. H. S., in the County of Santa Clara, and State of Califorina, being of sound mind and memory, and having given due consideration to the apportionment of our various properties, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

To the Board of Trustees, we express our thanks and appreciation for the interest they have taken in the school.

To the faculty, we bequeath peace and relief from the burden of the class of 1916.

To the poor, benighted Junior Class, who may find the path of Civics particularly thorny, we leave our Civics notebooks, which are remarkable specimens of such work, and may aid the strugglers.

To the Sophomores, we give, devise and bequeath the pages torn from our geometries, which have been carefully collected and shall be held in readiness for any of next year's Sophomores who may find the study of geometry beyond their comprehension.

To the Freshman Class, we leave the stores of wisdom which we have accumulated in our four years of high school life.

To the underclassmen as a whole, we leave Miss Peckham, with the solemn warning never to chew gum in her classes. If any information concerning the penalty thereof is sought, apply to Hugh Ross, who has deposited on the installment plan, no less than twelve packages of the aforesaid article on the ground beneath the windows of Miss Peckham's room.

The individual members of the class bequeath their various effects as follows:

Ellsworth Trulsen bequeaths his art of "filibustering" with minute instructions on said art to Alvin Brunhofer, who has acquired some proficiency therein, but may find a reference book on the subject handy in Civics next year.

Harold Moore leaves a perfectly good "limp" to any one who may need it to work on the sympathies of Miss Peckham.
to Genevieve Granger, who has aspirations in that direction.

Hugh Ross bequeaths all of his surplus gum to Fillmore Rowles, on condition that he attempt to chew it every day in Miss Peckham's classes, with the hope that he will succeed.

David Booher leaves his blushes and a pair of curling irons to Oliver Thompson and Elias Marcus respectively.

Elsie Baker bequeaths a book on "How to Stop Growing" to Russell Wright.

Donald McKean wills his editorsh p of the "Blue and Gray" and all of the troubles attend.ng it to Fred Garliepp.

Bonnie Barkway resigns her place as "Jit" driver to any one who may happen to own a Ford.

Annie Center bequeaths her giggles and love of fun to Georgia Porter.

Mildred Holmes wills all of her debates and her place of champion debater to Beulah Joseph, the future champion.

Ruth Thompson and Katherine Mockel bequeath all of their German translations to the Junior German Class, knowing the struggles that are in store for them next year.

Natalie Couch bequeaths her good-natured disposition to Miss Peckham, as she will need an abundant supply in handling next year's Seniors.

Henry Tompkins gives his place as Civic's shark to Will Huff.

Theresa Skinner resigns her place as chaperon to Miss Peckham.

Marguerite Hyland bequeaths her dignity to Pauline Hollis.

Helen Tompkins leaves her place as staff artist to Ruby Zahn.

Esther Lawler bequeaths her studiousness to Shirley Jackson and to any other Freshman who may need it.

Cl nton Parker wills his place on the baseball team to Harry Burke.

Florence Regli bequeaths her independence to Mark Ingraham.

Viola Zahn wills her beloved seat by the window in the Assembly Hall to Alma Hall, so that the outside scenery may take her mind from the vacant seat in row 12.

Henry Raines leaves all of his technical electrical and scientific terms with which he has enlightened Miss Peckham to Eugene Adams.

Vera Barnes bequeaths her place as keeper of the library keys to Ellen Nichols.

Louisa Lewis leaves the request that all of her low marks in Miss Peckham's record book be destroyed.

Lastly, we, the Senior Class of June, 1916, do hereby appoint Miss Peckham, our class teacher, executive of this, our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this 22nd day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

"THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1916."
EDITH OLIVER, '16.
LOUISA LEWIS, '16.

History of Class of 1916

EDITH OLIVER, '16

AS we turn tonight to face the dawn of another day, our thoughts, mingled with emotions of sadness and joy, turn backward to the days that are gone, and we live again the years we have spent together as classmates. Yet the recalling to mind of the History of the Class of 1916 is a pleasant one, for the sadness only sweetens the memories. While it is true that each class that enters the High School and proceeds through its regular course has a life similar in many respects to that of all the classes that have gone before, yet each has some distinctive features in its record of work and play.

It was in the summer of 1912 that Mountain View High School opened its doors to greet the largest class of entering students that its halls had ever contained. The Senior of today may smile at the Freshman of four years ago, but at that time, the Freshman's hopes of ever becoming a dignified Senior were very faint. But as time flew past on its rapid wings, we grew more confident. The upper classmen had overcome the shyness and timidity that is characteristic of first year students, by giving us a delightful reception. Who of us will forget that feast of bread and milk? Toward the last part of October we united with the upper classes in a Hallowe'en party. Care and responsibility were thrown to the winds, for we had not forgotten how to have a good time.

This was just one phase of our school life. There were also the duties of our individual class. It had to be organized and officers elected. After this had been accomplished, the discussion of class colors followed. Red and White were chosen, and we have proudly displayed them ever since. June soon arrived with the joyous spirit that ever pervades the atmosphere of high school life at that season, and our Freshman days drew toward their close, then were no more.

Vacation was over and September, 1913 welcomed us back to Sophomores. This title brought with it much importance, for were we not upper classmen? Yet it was not the same class that had entered the year before. New students had joined our ranks, others had gone to different fields; but we still earnestly upheld the name of the Class of 1916. This year we were ably represented in foot-ball and track athletics. Joining forces with the Seniors, we did our best in easily defeating the other classes.

Again in September, 1914, the gong pealed forth its familiar sound to welcome us back as Juniors. Now school to us as Juniors was not all work. Receptions, dancing-parties, and many kinds of recreation

helped to while away the long evenings. This year brought new responsibilities, yet the various school activities were not neglected. In our Hall of Athletic Fame the names of the Junior boys shine with unrivalled splendor. The bright days of our Junior year were soon to close. The time came when we must bid farewell to the Senior Class. No effort was spared by the committee to make the reception to the outgoing Seniors an unequalled success. Time again had hurried on with swift wings and robbed us of the name of Juniors.

September, 1915 beckoned us once more to the High School doors, and bestowed upon us the title, Seniors. We all instinctively felt that the year to come would be different in many ways. The fun might not be less, but the thought of the shortness of time left in which to enjoy the friendly relationships and daily intercourse which surrounds school life with such a fascinating charm weighed upon us. Yet our class entered with enthusiasm into the school life. The fame of our athletes was not diminished. Clinton Parker, as captain, led the basket-ball boys on to victory. The baseball champions, under their captain, Harold Moore, worked faithfully and hard and won some glorious victories.

Our hearts warm tonight toward the Juniors, who so royally entertained us at the Domestic Science Building, May the 11th. The Senior Class will not soon forget that gay and pleasant evening.

This year we decided to adopt a new High School pin, as none of us cared for the old one. We finally chose the dainty gold emblem so dear to the hearts of the Class of '16. We also chose the red carnation as our class flower. We have made the best possible use of this short space of time and we shall recall with double pleasure the happy, well-filled days of our Senior year.

Now this year has drawn to a close, and we stand on the outward portals and view the rugged path by which we have ascended. All hardship has vanished. The hours of weary plodding, and the moments of despair slip into forgetfulness. We remember but the pleasures, the joys, the triumphs, that we as a class have enjoyed. We have much to be proud of, much to be thankful for. Thus, we, the Class of 1916, with courage, look forward into the future, and, as

"Adrift on time's returnless tide
As wave follows wave we glide,
God grant we leave upon the shore
Some waif of good it lacked before,
Some seed or flower or plant of worth,
Some added beauty to the earth,
Some larger hope, some thought to make
The sad world happier for its sake."

MOUNTAIN VIEW UNION HIGH AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL

EXCHANGES

The Exchanges that Mountain View High has received this year are:

The Wild Cat, '15, Los Gatos High School.

The Orestimba Feb. '16, Orestimba Union High School, Newman, Cal.

The Megaphone, '16, Fortuna High School.

Sequoia, '15, Sequoia Union High School, Redwood City, Cal.

The Golden Blue '15 Maxwell Union High School.

The Madrono, Palo Alto High School.

Exchanges are always welcome at this school. It is interesting to look through other high school magazines and see how the high school life in their schools differs from ours. We see little difference, except that there is in some schools a spirit present which is characterized as "lots of pep." That certainly is necessary in a high school if it is to be respected by its own students and by outsiders.

Judging from the way that our exchanges are gobbled up by the student body (once out of our hands and they are lost) they must be first class magazines. We give every school credit for turning out the best that it can, and we ask no more for ourselves.

He Grew

A bonnie lassie did I know,
A bonnie, bonn e lass was she,
With golden hair and mild blue eyes,
And pretty as pretty could be.

She had a funny little beau,
Who wasn't as tall as she;
She schemed one Monday afternoon.
How he might taller be.

An ironing bottle did she have,
With which the clothes she sprinkled;
And. as her ironing she did do,
Her beau before her twinkled.

She to herself then said,
"If l ttle trees by water grow,
Why should it not of vantage be
To my very little beau?

Then over his light brown hair,
The contents she did pour;
She shook herself and then she laughed
As she sprinkled him o'er and o'er.

She laughed to see how fast he grew,
Ten thousand times laughed she;
She stood still, rigid as a wall,
For he grew—well—may be?

ELIAS MARCUS, '18.

The moon looked down upon the town,
While all the world seemed sleeping;
"Alas!" quoth she. "why should it be
That I, sole vig l keeping,
Should wander here from year to year
Alone in all my glory?"
Thus spoke the moon, poor wandering loon,
And then, the old, old story—
She came at dawn, by two steeds drawn
To sue for adulation:
But Sol, too, came. with mighty flame
To flood the whole creation;
As o'er the sky, the sun sailed by
The moon grew pale with pining,
And mourned, too late, her bitter fate,
And vain desire for shining.

M. B. H., '16.

Staff and Editorials

DONALD McKEAN HUGH ROSS

ELSIE BAKER BONNIE BARKWAY ANNIE CENTER

THERESA SKINNER HAROLD MOORE FRED JARLIEPP

HELEN TOMPKINS EDITH OLIVER MILDRED HOLMES

MARGUERITE HYLAND

Editorials

Donald B. McKean	Editor
Hugh L. Ross	Business Manager
Annie Center	Assistant Editor
Elsie Baker	Assistant Editor
Mildred Holmes	Assistant Editor
Theresa Skinner	Organizations and Society
Harold G. Moore	Athletics
Marguerite Hyland	Joshes
Edith Oliver	Historian
Bonnie Barkway	Alumni
Helen Tompkins	Artist
Fred Garliepp	Assistant Bus. Mgr.

The High School Pin

The High School has at last attempted something worth while, and that is, adopting a high school pin and *sticking to it.*

The present pin has been adopted by the classes for the next three years, and if succeeding classes will adopt it, the pin will soon become well known, and the wearer will always be identified as a graduate of Mountain View Union High School, and a custom will soon have become established which will become an integral part of Mountain View High School life.

The Shrubbery

Around our high school there has been planted some shrubbery. It is small now, and does not show to advantage, but it may some day. What is very much more in evidence now is the water wagon, which nurses the poor plants so that they may live and thrive and be beautiful, tall shrubs some day. It is an interesting thought to think of the rules that will be thought of to keep the thoughtless students from thoughtlessly breaking down the shrubbery with footballs, baseball, and other things common to high school life.

Speaking more seriously, it may truthfully be said that our high school grounds have been greatly improved in the last two years. The grounds have been graded so that in the rainy season the water does not collect in puddles; a cement curb has been placed around the grounds, which is a great improvement over the unsightly picket fence which formerly surrounded them.

The University of California, working in conjunction with the high school and grammar school trustees and faculty, has designed a pleasing and artistic plan for garden and walks, which plan is being carried out. Over two thousand plants of about two hundred varieties have been planted this last year. The walks and a system for watering the plants will be installed later. The plants are all doing well with few exceptions.

The trustees hope to have one of the most pleasing high school grounds in the state when the present plans are carried out.

In two or three years the school grounds will be a beauty spot of Mountain View.

MANUAL TRAINING

Organizations and Society

Student Body Officers

ELLSWORTH TRULSEN. PRESIDENT
MILDRED HOLMES. 1ST. VICE PRES.
VERNA HUMMEL, 2ND VICE PSER.
MARGUERITE HYLAN. SECRETARY
E. MARCUS. SARGENT-AT-ARMS
HAROLD MOORE. TREAS.

Organizations

THE Student Body is our most important organization. Every student is a member of it. All who pay their dues are entitled to participate in school activities and enjoy the privilege of voting. Dues are 50c a semester. The money thus collected is used for athletics and athletic equipment.

The Glee Club is our next important organization. Under the directions of Mr. Jeffers, the Glee Club has received excellent training.

The following clubs were organized this year:

The World's Progress Club under the direction of Miss Peckham.

Art Club under the direction of Miss Wolfenbarger.

Household Arts under the direction of Miss Peers.

Parliamentary Law under the direction of Mr. Lindsay.

Reading and Expression under the direction of Miss Ward.

The Debating Club under the direction of Mr. Rogers.

The Agricultural Club under the direction of Mr. Smith. The Agricultural Club has been one of the most successful clubs organized. The crop for this year is potatoes.

During the first semester these clubs met Friday, but on account of the pressure of other school work, all but the Agricultural and Debating Clubs were obliged to discontinue.

The Agricultural Club

D. B. McKEAN

ONE thing of which this school is proud and of which the community should be proud is the interest in agriculture exhibited in the school during the last two years. In 1915 the Agriculture Club conducted a potato growing contest successfully, and Angelo Semino, the winner, was sent to Washington, D. C.

Angelo had a very good trip, so he says. He traveled through twenty-eight states and studied the thirteen types of agriculture practised in the United States. Twenty-nine boys from California made the trip together; so he had plenty of company. The money for the trip was raised by subscriptions and by a show and a foot-ball game. Angelo doesn't talk about the trip much; one has to ask questions of him to learn much about it, but he has had experiences that made the trouble and effort required to raise the money worth while.

When Semino started for Washington last fall, three other boys, Oliver Thompson, David Booher, and myself, all who had completed the contest, went to Davis, to attend the convention of Agriculture Club boys from all over California. Together with about 275 other

high school boys, we were entertained for two days. We took our bedding and were furnished with a tent and some straw. We found sleeping in this way fairly comfortable, and a real novel experience. The camp was conducted in military style, the boys being divided into companies, each of which was in charge of a student from the College of Agriculture as captain, who slept with the boys and guided them for the two days, following a prearranged schedule. We were shown good stock and were shown how to judge stock. The best men in their profession showed how cattle and hogs were treated for tuberculosis and cholera respectively. The two days were full of instruction and pleasure.

Upon leaving Davis, all the boys went on a special train to San Francisco, where they visited the Exposition. They paraded through the grounds to Festival Hall, where the prize winners were awarded medals. After touring the Exposition under charge of students from the University of California, the boys disbanded in front of the Liberty Bell and left for their homes.

It was an exceedingly interesting trip, and was enjoyed by all of us. The men in charge of the boys at Davis are to be complimented on the able manner in which they conducted the two day's program.

It is the intention of the State Leader of Agriculture Clubs to have the boys of the Agriculture Clubs entertained at Davis again next fall. He expects over six hundred boys this time. Mountain View Union High School wishes him success in his undertaking.

The Agriculture Club is doing well this year. The fellows have rented a piece of land which can be irrigated. It is good, rich soil, and the potatoes are growing well. Eight excellent contest crops are growing, and the prize winner cannot be picked now. It is a real contest this year. Those in the club are O. Thompson, D. Booher, A. Semino, E. Smith, E. Marcus, I. Jurian, M. Nichols, D. Anzini, and E. Faucett.

A FEW weeks after our return to school in September the upperclassmen welcomed the Freshmen by a reception given in the High School Auditorium, on September 23rd. Games were played and refreshments were served.

The first High School dance was given December 6th. The evening being enjoyed by all those present.

The Freshmen and Sophomores gave a party in the Domestic Science Bungalow. The evening was spent in playing games.

On February 3rd the Eighth Grade Domestic Science Class served a dinner to the Seniors in the Domestic Sc ence Bungalow. After the dinner was served the tables were cleared and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

The Juniors and Sophomores gave a Valentine party in the Domestic Science Bungalow. The building was decorated with hearts. Appropriate games were played.

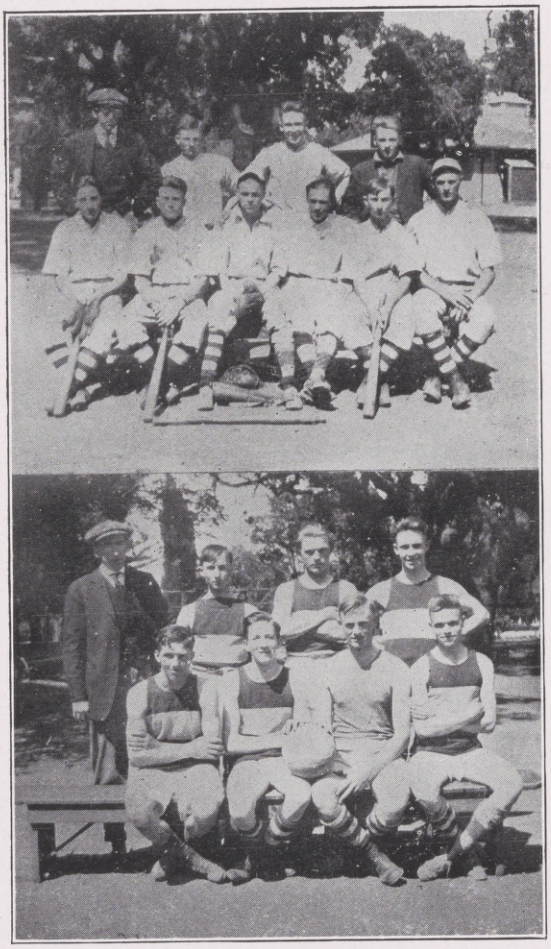
A dance was given in Jurian's Hall by the Baseball Boys, March 5th, for the benefit of the baseball team.

A recept on was given the Seniors by the Juniors on May 11th. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing.

The Senior play, "What Became of Parker", was given May 18th, in Swall's Hall. The characters were:

Fred Parker, wholesale dry goods merchant ..... Clinton Parker
William Torrence, his partner ..... Dan Anzini
Jeremiah Growler, a retired business man ..... Alvin Brunhofer
James Jones ..... Ellsworth Trulsen
Mr. Harrison, a capitalist from Chicago ..... Henry Tompkins
Dr. Rogers ..... George Toft
Police Sergeant Ripley ..... Dan Anzini
Otto, a waiter ..... Eugene Adams
Vivian, Parker's wife ..... Edith Oliver
Mildred Green, her maiden aunt ..... Mildred Holmes
Hebe Worthy, Growler's niece ..... Elsie Baker
Cora, maid at Parker's ..... Bonnie Barkway

Athletics

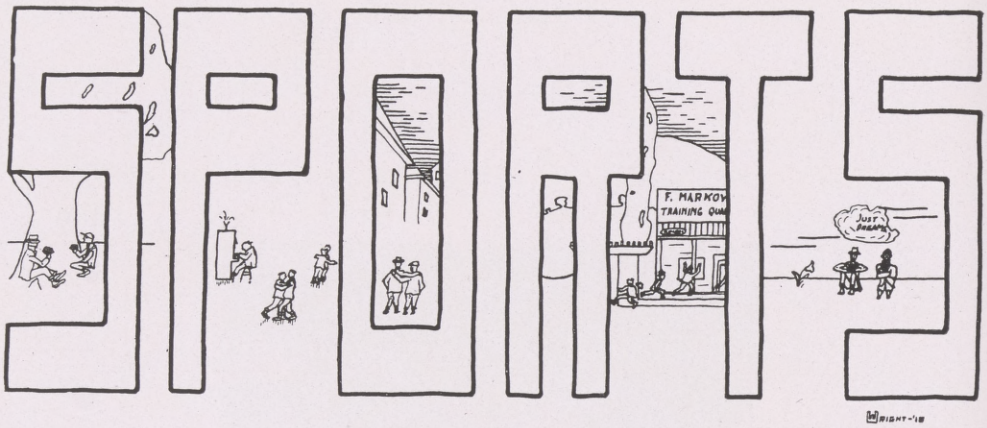


UPPER

C. E. ROGERS. A. SEMINO. C. PARKER. F. GARLIEPP
T. SILA. H. BURKE. H. MOORE. L. BISECA T. W. HUFF.
D. McKEAN.

LOWER

C. E. ROGERS. W. HUFF. E. SMIVH. C. PARKER.
H. TOMPKINS. R .WRIGHT. D. McKEAN. H. MOORE



Baseball

H. MOORE, '16

THE baseball season started out this year with a burst of speed not seen at M. V. High for several years past. Due to a system of interclass games the individual stars of the classes came to the front and soon the first team was picked and had settled down for hard practice. On April 12 we played our first game with Manzanita Hall and won by the score of 8-5. We had started out a winning team and had our eyes set on the pennant. After the game the fellows held an election and elected H. Moore, captain of the first team, and C. Parker, manager.

Manager Parker soon arranged a schedule of practice games which

Sunnyvale Athletic Club 3; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 13.

M. V. Athletic Club 4; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 10.

resulted in the following scores:

Manzanita Hall, 4; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 7.

Campbell 9; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 3.

Palo Alto 11; vs M. V. U. H. S. 11.

Redwood City Club 5; M. V. U. H. S. 13.

San Jose State Normal 13; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 14.

This concluded our practice games. Only one sore spot on the list, and that was Campbell. At this time the following fellows had won places on the first team:

Moore '16, Catcher.

McKean '16, Pitcher.

Parker '16, 1st Base.

Semino '15, 2nd Base.

Brisebat '18, Shortstop.

Burke '19, 3rd Base.

Prindle '18, Left Field.

Silva '19, Center Field.

Huff '18, Right Field.
Garliepp '17, Sub.

We now had but three games left to play, with only one reverse to spoil our record. On these games were staked our hopes of the championship. Although the following scores will show that we lost the pennant, they will also show that we were game to the end.

Los Gatos H. S. 4; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 10.
Campbell U. H. S. 9; vs. M. V. U. H. S. 0.
Montezuma forfeited.

Basket Ball

Our efforts during the basket ball season were rewarded with a number of close games and enough wins to give the fellows who made the first team their monograms. Not having a coach was our greatest draw back. No matter how good the material, it takes good team work to win, and to get that requires a coach. We also need a good court. This year our grounds were so cut up and covered with gravel that a really fast game was impossible, and for that reason our fellows were somewhat lost on the fast courts of the other schools of the league, although able to put up a good game at home.

The following fellows made places on the first team:

McKean '16, Center.
Parker '16, Forward.
Huff '17, Forward.
Smith '18, Guard.
Moore '16, Guard.
Tompkins '16.
North '17.

Just Around School

Joshes

"Laughing girls of gay sixteen
Frankly ask what lovers mean,
But grow quite demure at twenty,
Good reason why—they know a plenty."

IT ALL DEPENDS.

Harold—Have we a "Fairie Queen" in the library?
Miss P.—What period are you going to look?

D. Mc read.ng from "The Eve of St. Agnes"—His poor guide hurried back with eggs (agnes) in her brain.

CLASSIC MYTHS REVISED.

Teacher—Who stole Helen away?
Pupil—Miner.

CO-OPERATION.

There's a bunch of embryo farmers
Who are called the Ag. Club hicks.
They mix like fire and water
And exchange compliments with bricks.

JUVENILE RHYME.

"A cat sat on the backyard fence.
It washed its face and felt immense."

A FRESHMAN.

Teacher—Give me a word containing the prefix "semi."
Pupil (frantically waving her hand)—Cemetery.—Ex.

Miss Wolfenbarger in English II—Now, class, just find Part II of the "Ancient Mariner" and don't turn the leaves.

Miss P. (in History)—Why don't you know your lesson today, Delmer?

Delmer—I didn't have time to study it.

Miss P.—Why not?

D.—When I picked my history up, the bell rang.

Miss P. (in Economics)—This young lady simply squandered her money, for her father provided all needs in the *clothes line.*

Alma Hall (in Economics)—We have to have economic goods, such as ships and docks to enjoy the ocean.

Alvan B.—How many "Docs" does Alma want?

Miss P.—I had my purse picked while walking down the street with a brother on each side.

H. M.—Which one got it?

N. S. (in drawing)—How do you draw a man?

Miss Wolfenbarger—I do not know. I've been trying all my life, but haven't succeeded yet.

BASEBALL.

The Bible was the first book to contain a baseball story. On the first page we read of the big inning.

Miss P.—You never can tell,—sometimes even a boot black will rise to a very high office.

Alvin B.—Why shouldn't he? He starts at the foot and shines.

Estelle M.—Aren't the Freshmen large this year?

Jessie D.—Well, don't you know, lots of rain makes all green things grow?

Mildred H.—Did you know Ceasar almost married a hired girl?

Verna H.—No, how did you find out?

Mildred—It says here that when he came to the river he proposed to bridge it (Bridget).—Exchange.

Miss Peckham to class in English IV, discussing fear—What is it that most people fear?

That familiar voice—*Mice!*

Early to bed, early to rise,
Love all the teachers and tell them no lies,
Study your lessons that you may be wise,
And buy from the men who ad*vertise.*

Mr. L.—Miss Porter, what will we have if we mix glycerine and nitric acid?

Georgia—A funeral.

AFTER THE FALL.

Oh, mother, look at the funny man sitting on the sidewalk, talking to that banana peel!—Exchange.

A TOAST.

Here's to our parents and teachers! May they never meet!

Miss P.—Hugh, bring me that gum this minute.

Hugh—Just a minute—I'll get you a fresh stick.

Miss W.—What is the term etc., used for?

Brilliant Junior—It's used to make believe we know a lot more than we do.—Exchange.

S J N
M Y H S
SAN JOSE NORMAL, "WE'VE GOT SOME PITCHER, EH?"
M.V.H.S., "SOME PITCHER IS GOOD; BUT IF HE COULD PITCH ANYTHING STRONGER THAN MILK HE WOULD BE BETTER!"
WRIGHT'18

They told her not to worry
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of hurry,
In writing her exam.

And so she did not worry,
Nor sit up late to cram,
Nor have a sense of hurry,
And——she flunked in her exam.

Turn failure into victory,
Don't let your courage fade;
And if you get a lemon,
Just let the lemon "aid".

The Seniors saw something green, 'tis true,
They thought it was the Freshman class,
But when they closer to it drew,
They found it was a looking glass.

—ESTELLE MORGAN, '18.

FAVORITE BOOKS.

"Nursery Rhymes"	Minor Adams.
"Vanity Fair"	Pauline Hollis.
"Sense and Sensibility"	Juniors.
"A Passing Show"	Seniors.
"Measure for Measure"	Domestic Science Class.
"Old Curiosity Shop"	The Chemistry Laboratory.
"Twice Told Tales"	"I don't know"—"Lost my book".
"Great Singers"	Genevieve G. and Elsie H.
"Great Artists"	Ruby Zahn and Dorothy Melsome.
"Makers of Music"	Shirley J. and Margaret C.
"Minute Men"	Elsie Baker.
"Prue and I"	Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, nee Prudence Cadwell.
"Beautiful Joe"	Joseph Choy.
"Our Mutual Friends"	Ruth Williams.
"Freckles"	Delmar Logan.
"He Comes in Smiling"	Henry Tompkins.
"In the Land O' Dreams"	Harold Moore.
"Treasure Island"	Theresa Skinner.

IMPORTANT PERIODS IN HISTORY.

"The Reign of Terror"	The Final Examinations.
"The Crusades"	Noon-time at Markov's.
"The Industrial Revolution"	Cramming for an Ex.
"International Affairs"	Junior-Senior Reception.
"Crisis"	Graduating Night.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Milkweeds	Freshies.
Morning Glories	Sunnyvale Jitney Riders.
For-get-me-nots	Ads. in this volume.
Bachelor's buttons	David Booher.
Thistles	Sophomores.
Wallflowers	Seen at the High School Dance.
Iceplant	Room 10.
Baby-Blue-Eyes	Oliver Thompson.
Dwarf Sweet-pea	Elsie Baker.
Daisy	Elsie Olsen.
Snowball	Florence Regli.
Sweet William	Ruth Williams.
Teasel	Fred Garliepp.

Soph.—Oh, you've got a new hat.
Fresh.—It's not new—only cleaned and blocked.
Junior—Yes, and the block is still in it.

A Tragic Comedy

In far Duluth,
There lived a youth,
A youth of some Degree,—
A stylish youth,
And yet, forsooth,
A Freshman lad was he.

"I will not wed,"
This Freshman said,
"Until I've seen the hue
Of various hair,
On maidens rare,
That live in Mountain View."

He seized his cane,
And hailed the train,
That now was overdue,
And over again
He sang the refrain,
"I'm bound for Mountain View."

Alighting there,
The big bright glare
For a minute blurred his gaze;
As down the street
Came a vision sweet,
That put his mind in a daze.

He raised his hat,
And, gazing at
What seemed so fine a lady,
Fell back a pace
When he found her face
A shade of ebony.

He hurried by
With downcast eye.—
He thought a vein would break.
"Oh!" muttered he,
"Excuse—er—me—
I think I've made a mistake!"

Some maidens fair
Across the square
Did next attract his eye.
He stepped in a hurry;
He was in such a flurry—
A jitney raised him high.

He lit with a thwack
On the flat of his back,
Clawing the empty air,
While he yelled, "One Strike,
For the love of Mike!
This town is quite a bear!"

He arose with a limp;
Shouted he, "You imp!
Come back and fight like a man."
He shook his fist
And angrily hissed,
As he used his hat for a fan.

The day was hot,
And he had not
Sampled the town's good cheer;
So he limped along
And, his scent being strong,
He found "Lovejoy's" quite near.

He entered the place
With a smirk on his face,
And spoke in a tone all might hear.
The table did pound,
Bossed the waiter around,
While he noisily sipped root beer.

He lifted his glass
To a pretty lass,
Which won him not any friends.
On the toe of a boot,
He learned to scoot,
And here my story ends.

—HAZEL FRIIS, '18.

"WHAT BECAME OF PARKER."

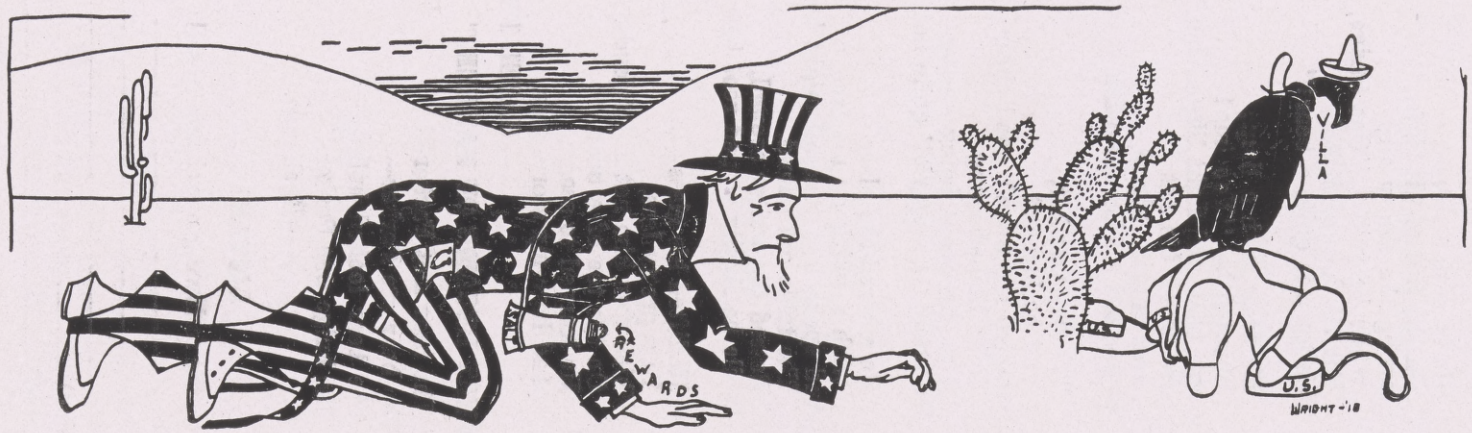
"The bear met Parker—
The bear ate Parker—
The bear looked bulgy
The bulge was Parker."

—Exchange.

LISTEN!

We have script on the following merchants to sell:

Englund (Tailor) ..... Mountain View
Mortonson (Tailor) ..... San Jose
Angevine (Tailor) ..... San Jose
Winninger (Tailor) ..... San Jose
Dr. Kneass (Dentist) ..... San Jose



ARMED INTERVENTION

ALMOST.

Miss W. (reading in English II)—What is a villa, Lester?

L. P. (gazing out of the window)—Villa is a Mexican bandit.

WON'T HE LOOK FUNNY?

Hugh—These bright striped dresses are awful. You can't tell whether they are sticks of candy gone crazy or girls' dresses.

Gertrude (who had a striped middie on)—Why not lick them and see?

Hugh—I'll take you up on that.

IT'S A FACT.

Georgia (running into the Drawing Room from Chemistry Lab.)—Oh, Miss Wolfenbarger, where are some boys? I want a match!

Freshman (enviously viewing a beaming senior)—It takes a pull to get a head.

Sophomore—Yes, but it takes a head to get a pull.

HE KNOWS.

Theresa S.—Harold, your mouth is open.

Harold M.—I know. I opened it.

EVERYBODY.

Miss W.—Were there many High School young people at the dance last night?

Helen H.—Yes, I should say so.

Miss W.—Who?

H. H.—Why, Fred and Verna—that's all.

Wanted—Some one to make a fuss over me.—P. H.

Wanted—Protection.—H. M.

Wanted—More class spirit.—Juniors.

Wanted—Life insurance.—Josh Editor.

Wanted—A cake of sapolio to make me shine in history.—D. L.

NEVER.

Oliver Thompson, president of the Agricultural Club, often feels it is his duty to give the boys some advice. One day, while talking to a Freshman, the following conversation took place:

Oliver—It's best to plant your potatoes in the dark of the moon.

Indignant Freshie—Well, you needn't think I'm going to get up in the middle of the night to plant my potatoes.

Miss Wolfenbarger (having drawings put up)—Hang these girls up over here, Hugh.

H. R.—Which one, Miss W?

A DEAD FRIGHT.

A dark night—
Some footsteps hurrying;
A little fright—
And then some scurrying.

Something black and white,
In the path ahead,
Came to my sight
Where I must tread.

Approaching it slowly,
My heart like lead,
I kicked it lightly—
The cat was dead.

HAZEL FRIIS, '18.

THE UNIVERSE.

Henry T.—Well, Henry, how's everything?

Henry R.—Oh, she's fine.

Mildred H.—Have you seen Harold's new hair cut?

Shirley J.—Yes, some barbarism.

A BOY'S IDEA.

Elsworth T.—Generally speaking, girls are—

Annie C.—Girls are what?

Elsworth—Generally speaking.

Louis B.—Don't you know, the Faculty reminds me of street-cars?

Harry B.—Why?

Louis B.—All of them have their way.

SENIORS AGAIN.

Genevieve G.—Those seniors remind me of that Bulletin Board out there.

Marion R.—Why?

G. G.—Because they are so stuck up.

BY ALL MEANS.

Miner Adams, pacing up and down—

Otis B.—What's the matter, boy?

Miner A.—I'm looking for a soft place to stand on.

O. B.—Well, then stand on your head.

CAN'T BE DONE.

Mr. L.—Fred, are you chewing gum?

Fred—Why, yes, I believe I am.

Mr. L.—Take it out of your mouth and let this make an impression on your brain.

It can't be done; *solid ivory!*

QUESTIONS FRESHMEN ASK.

How long did the Thirty Years' War last?

Who wrote Gray's "Elegy"?

When was the War of 1812?

On what date does the Fourth of July fall this year?

How was the "One Hoss Shay" propelled?

How often do we pay our semester dues?

HA! HA!! HA!!!

Bonnie B.—I just saw an awful fight down the street.

Anne C.—What was it? Tell me quick!

B. B.—Why, a big black cat just licked its paw.

HE MAY YET.

I. W. W.—I want land reform; I want religious reform; I want educational reform; I want——

High School Audience—Chloroform.—Ex.

Freshie returning from first day at school: "I hate school, those teachers talk back to me as much as my mother."

THOSE GERMAN NAMES.

Edith O.—Well, I see where the Germans have taken Lodz.

Elsie B.—I'm brave, what is it? Loads of what?

IN BOTANY.

Prin. Zahn—Elsie, what is photosynthesis?

Elsie (waking out of a day dream)—Photosynthesis are little plants; they are sometimes called parasites.

—Ex.

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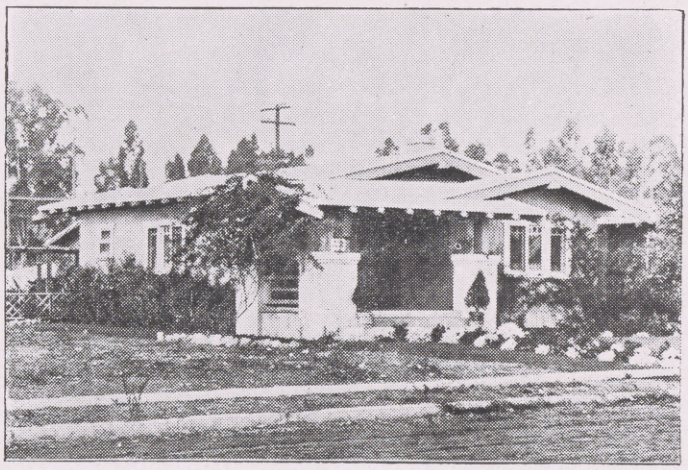

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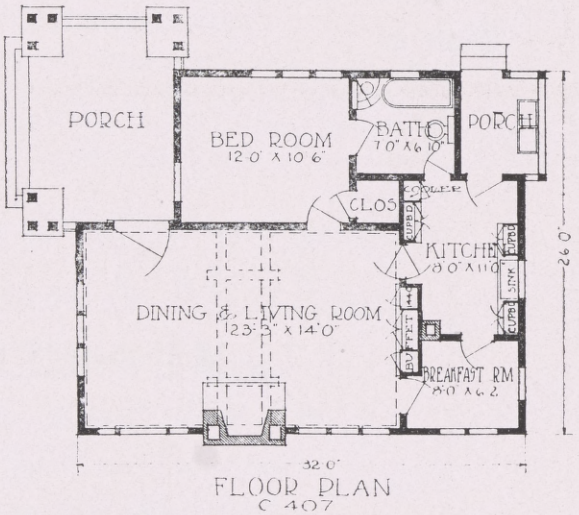

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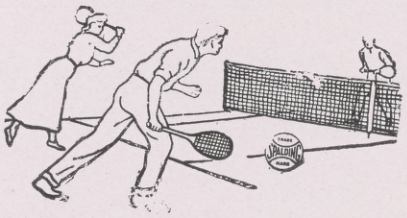

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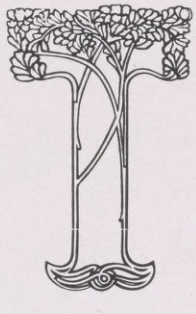
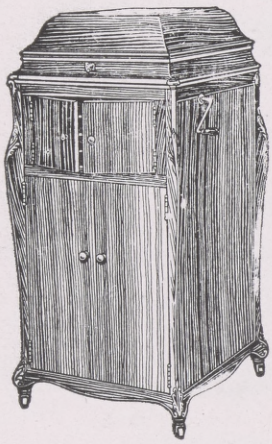


Phone S. J. 783

Open Sunday 9 to 12

11½ South First Street San Jose, Cal.



PHONE 1096

FRED H. SMITH

(ON THE CIRCLE)

Guns Typewriters Kodaks

Phonographs Bicycles Locksmith

SPORTING GOODS

REPAIRING PALO ALTO, CAL. RENTING

If not,

Why not?

Powell Brothers

Grocer

LISTEN

We have script on the following merchants to sell:

Englund [Tailor]	Mt View
Mortonson [Tailor]	San Jose
Angevine [Tailor]	San Jose
Winninger [Tailor]	San Jose
Dr. Kneass [Dentist]	San Jose

THE LINO WORK IN THIS BOOK WAS DONE BY

Gairaud & Thiltgen

Linotype Artists for the trade

42 Lightstone St. *Phone S. J. 1858*

EXPANSION SALE

Complete Women's Department added to our present Hart, Schaffner and Marx Men's Store.

Men's and Women's Sport and Dress Clothing.

The Regent

Palo Alto, Cal. ***Phone 2***

THE

Whelan Blacksmith

SHOP

General Blacksmithing Farm Implements–all kinds

Horseshoeing a Specialty

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MT. VIEW SUNNYVALE SAN JOSE

AUTO BUS LINE

16 PASSENGER PACKARD

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P. H. Henderson

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MADE TO ORDER

Villa St. **Mountain View**

Mountain View

BILLARD PARLOR

Pool & Billiards

Cigars ***Tobacco***

Good Place to kill time

WILSON'S

New Candy Store in Palo Alto will be finished about Oct. 1st. It will be the finest store of its kind in Northern California.

L. H. WATSON

JEWELER, WATCHMAKER ENGRAVER.

Mountain View **California**

Successor to Phil Clark

See

Fisher

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Castro Street *Mountain View*

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MOUNTAIN VIEW CAL. PHONE 96 W

Good Shoes

Good Shoe Styles

You get pleasure, economy, satisfaction by patronizing our footwear service.

Thoits

University Ave. Palo Alto

Graduation Exercises

OF THE

Mountain View Union High School

Thursday Evening, June 22,

JURIAN HALL

1916

PROGRAM

Piano Solo - - - - - - - - Marguerite Hyland
Fantasie by Labach

Music - - - - - - - - - Girls' Glee Club
a. Summer Now Hath Come Among Us. Arr. by Wilson
b. Rowing, Rowing through the Twilight. by Rhys-Herbert

Salutatory - - - - - - - - - Elsie Baker
A New View of Poverty

Reading - - - - - - - - Helen Tompkins
The Prelude to the Vision of Sir Launfal

Violin Solo - - - - - - - - Esther Lawler
Berceuse, by Joycelyn

Music - - - - - - - - - Boys' Glee Club
a. The Red Scarf, by Bonheur
b. We'll Never Let Our Old Flag Fall, by Kelly

Reading - - - - - - - - - Vera Barnes
Rhoecus

Valedictory - - - - - - - - Louisa Lewis
Democracy in the High School

Piano Duet - - Bonnie Barkway and Natalie Couch
Danse Rustique, by Wm. Mason

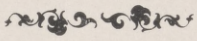
Class Will - - - - - - - - Edith Oliver

Music - - - - - - - - - Girls' Glee Club
Sunset, by Watson

Presentation of Diplomas - - E. L. Zahn, Principal

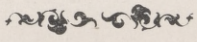
Music - - - - - - - - - - Class Song
Tune, Fair Hawaii—words by Edith Oliver, Viola Zahn

MEMBERS OF CLASS



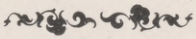
Elsie Baker
Vera Barnes
Annie Center
Mildred Holmes
Esther Lawler
Donald McKean
Harold Moore
Clinton Parker
Ernest Rankin
Hugh Ross
Helen Tompkins
Ellsworth Trulsen
Viola Zahn

Bonnie Barkway
David Booher
Natalie Couch
Marguerite Hyland
Louisa Lewis
Katherine Mockel
Edith Oliver
Henry Raines
Florence Regli
Theresa Skinner
Henry Tompkins
Ruth Thompson

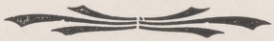


CLASS FLOWER - - RED CARNATION
CLASS COLORS - - RED AND WHITE

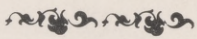
BOARD OF TRUSTEES



Mrs. M. Farrell, President
J. S .Mockbee, Secretary
B. W. Folk
B. F. Wright
P. D. Newnan



FACULTY



E. L. Zahn, Principal
D. W. Lindsay, Vice Principal
Miss Gertrude Peckham
Miss Shirley Ward
Miss Frances Wolfenbarger
Miss Lois Peers
Chas T. G. Smith
C. M. Rogers
F. F. Jeffers